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WHEN MAIDENS SHOULD LOVE.

FROM THE SPANISH OF GONGORA.

Spring-time passes fleetly, maidens,
Spring-time passes fleetly.

Maidens, in our village home,
Fruiting ever time so boldly,
Be wary; ere the roses should come
Wisely age and trust shall cheat you coldly.
Year to set youth's glory fleeting,
While to ever fond believing,
For with cast and fickle flowing
Time his garlands shall be weaving.
Spring-time passes fleetly, maidens,
Spring-time passes fleetly.

Lightly flit the roses away,
While, on eager pinions pressing,
Hottest watch, and as they pass,
Snatch from us each choicest blessing.
The bloom, that but a day endures,
Of truth like this gives every warning,
As evening's chilling blight obscures
The charms that opened with the morning.
Spring-time passes fleetly, maidens,
Spring-time passes fleetly.

Take heed, lest when your fancies ween
Of dawning's chimes they hear the greeting,
For other call life's peal should mean,
And years of night, and time's retreating.
Then bereft of beauty's glow,
Lost your graces and your graces,
You winning charms no more shall show
Themselves as first in all our places.
Perfidious passes fleetly, maidens,
Spring-time passes fleetly.

An aged dame I've known, whose face
Once was sweetly soft and blooming,
Though now 'tween hard such charms to trace
Through coat of false enamel looming
For her painted cheeks and brow,
Ever silent, lovely maids no longer twinkles,
Show like bishop's surplice now,
Puckered into folds and wrinkles.
Spring-time passes fleetly, maidens,
Spring-time passes fleetly.

And yet another dame I knew,
Who had but one sole tooth remaining,
And now it sinks, some days ago,
Within a posset she was draining.
Seeking, thus she cried, with tooth!
That long my soul hath loved to cherish,
I greet! I knew that ivory,
Worthiest waif I see there perish.
Spring-time passes fleetly, maidens,
Spring-time passes fleetly.

This lesson, hence, fond maidens, unfold,
That ere cold, niggard age bereave you
Of all your locks of lovely gold,
And but the pearl's gray lustre leave you,
The return to seek while you are sought,
And love while you are ripe for wooing,
Lest Lucia's fabled blind herself ye ensnare,
The cluster of fools too late pursuing.
Spring-time passes fleetly, maidens,
Spring-time passes fleetly.

WAS SHE GUILTY?

BY FAITH WYNNE,

Author of "The Fleecy Lee" Books, &c., &c.

The story was commenced in No. 51, Vol. 56. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXI.

Marsh had been gone an hour before her absence was discovered. Thinking it best to have her alone with her friend, no one had looked after her, but when there came a message from Ethel, requesting them to permit the poor girl to remain the rest of the evening alone with her, the officers being accustomed to the many ruses practiced in the efforts to escape the penalties of the law, insisted upon searching the apartment where the family supposed her to be. Dr. Earle, not doubting but he should find her there, led the way to her room, and to his knock, Ethel replied:

"Please allow us to remain a little longer undisturbed."

"Open the door, I command," said one of the officers, whose suspicions were instantly aroused. Ethel obeyed and stood before them full and resolute.

"This is not the person!" he said, looking sternly at Dr. Earle.

"No,it is not Ethel, where is Miss Waters?"

"She is gone."

"Gone! By George! how did she escape!" said the officer, angrily regarding Ethel.

"She passed you as you sat upon the veranda!" said the young girl fearlessly.

"Oh, I see the trick! Your dress! My lady you have made a pretty mess of it."

Ethel drew close to her brother's side, and was upon his face a frown of disapproval.

"Do you know where she went?" demanded the man.

"I do not."

"We must set off immediately in search of her."

"The two men now strode out into the grove, but to Ethel's relief they did not follow the path to the river.

"Little sister, I fear your intentional kindness will result in serious trouble," said Dr. Earle, anxiously, returning,however, from telling her of Marsh's threat to put an end to her sorrowful life, though he feared that even now she might be in that other world, where she looked for rest, and he walked with hasty steps and forboding heart, down the path that Ethel told him she had taken, but there were no traces of the fugitive. The officers he found examining the premises, and they had small fears of her arrest in that direction, and hoped that she had taken the boat and was miles away from her pursuers.

* * * * *

When Marsh saw the boat leaving the shore, she uttered a stifled cry of despair, and turned away hopelessly, but rallying all her energies, she plunged into the densest part of the woods, and remembering a jungle she had often visited, but feared to penetrate, she hesitated but a moment between entering it alone at night and the fate that otherwise stared her in the face. Not even a ray of moonlight could struggle through the thicket, and sinking down upon the gnarled roots, she gave herself up to loneliness and dispair. The hours seemed very long, but she was weary and tired mentally the sweet forgetfulness of sleep stole over her, to be rudely broken, alas! by approaching footsteps and a low voice saying—

"Ha! what is this clinging to the bush? A piece of a lady's veil; she must be here! We are surely on the track," said the man triumphantly.

"I am much more likely upon the track of a bird's nest; this little shred has doubtless been dropped by a bird in its flight," said Dr. Earle.

"It may be as you say, sir; but we will take a look all the same," was the discouraging reply, as he forced his way through the thicket, closely followed by his companion, while Dr. Earle stood watching with a great fear at his heart, for he was in no wise convinced that the delicate shred of gauze had been carried thither by a bird. Poor Marsh heard each word distinctly. Her heart throbbed so painfully that she almost fancied its beating was audible. She crept further and further into the jungle, feeling her way along with hands scratched and bleeding. At one time they were so close that she almost shrieked in terror, but throwing the light of the lantern in another direction, they failed to see the trembling, crouching form with its white face and frightened eyes. Soon they entered again; nearer and nearer her hiding place fell the lantern's light; a few more steps would bring them so close that there would surely be no escape; in perfect despair she sprang through an opening in the jungle only large enough to admit so slight a form as her own, and as the men must with difficulty force their way out she gained an advantage of several rods.

Dr. Earle first caught a glimpse of her light robes as she flitted through the moonlit woods, and divined the course her steps were taking. For a moment he wondered, if indeed it were a kindness to attempt to prolong her sad life. But again, believing there might still be a hope of escape from her impending doom. He followed her at full speed, the officers joining in the chase. Faster and faster she ran, rapidly and frightfully lessening the distance to the river! And now she had reached it! With a wild cry for mercy she tossed her arms aloft, and in one instant had made the fatal leap but for a strong hand grasping her and strong arms encircling her body!

"Oh, Dr. Earle, what have you done?" she cried piteously.

"Saved you," he replied in a husky voice.

"No, no, ruined me!—God forgive you," she cried.

"Young lady you've led us a pretty chase tonight! but you'll not try it again, I'll warrant," said one of the officers.

Marsh made no further resistance, but submitted quietly to her fate, and leaning heavily upon Dr. Earle's arm with the officers at her side she dragged her foot heavily along. As late as it was she found the ladies of the household awaiting her, and each lent a helping hand to prepare the poor tried girl for her rest, which was fitful and broken by the thought of her sacrilegious wisdom and speech lying outside of her door. When morning dawned, in spite of Dr. Earle's remonstrance, she refused to take advantage of her fatigue to make it a plea for remaining a day longer; now that she must bow to the inevitable she was impatient of delay, and hurriedly packing her trunk and arraying herself for traveling she signified her readiness to depart, and with a wan smile that was sadder than tears she tried to cheer the friends who had been friends indeed. Even Mrs. St. Leon felt pity for the unfortunate girl whose sorrow she knew was none the easier to her heart that it was the result of her own error. While the adieus were being made Dr. Earle held himself aloof,apparently unobservant of the scene. Marsh advanced towards him with extended hand.

"I am going with you to the boat," he said, and in the eyes that looked down into hers was a mist that softened their proud brilliancy. Her lip quivered a moment but the white teeth closed firmly upon it with an effort to conceal all signs of weakness.

"God grant your path may be among roses, Ethel," she said as she passed her on the steps. "A lamb to the slaughter," said Mrs. Dudleigh, looking after her with tearful eyes. Dr. Earle lifted her into the carriage and sat beside her, but the drive was made in comparative silence.

"I think these men are only rough in appearance. I believe they will be kind to you, but it will be a long, sad journey to you, poor child," said he at parting.

"I will at least give no more cause for offense as I did last night; I have ceased to rebel," she said, with an air of utter despair.

"Perhaps I will call to see you, Marsh, before long," said Dr. Earle, hoping to cheer her somewhat.

"No, Dr. Earle, not in jail! The shame would kill me! Good bye forever." And with a hearty hand clasp they parted, and a sadder heart was carried home to Dr. Earle's bosom than he had believed a woman had power to cause, and especially a woman under a ban!

The end of Marsh's journey found her quite exhausted and she lay for a week upon a narrow cot, her little cell kindly cared for by the jailer's good wife and her true friend Mehitable.

CHAPTER XXII.

Marsh's sad departure left a gloom upon the household that could not be dispelled. Mrs. Dudleigh's health, ever feeble, visibly declined; the shock had been too sudden and severe for her already exhausted nervous system. Dr. Earle recommended a change and as he was going to join Clarice and Herbert at Green Cove Springs he proposed that she accompany him thither. Each one felt a scarcely definable aversion to meeting Miss De Vere again, yet endeavored to banish all uncharitableness, and finally consented to go. They found Clarice bemoaning poor Marsh's fate, and Herbert quietly enduring the weight of his burden until time should lessen it, but in his presence her name was never spoken. Change of scene, as was predicted, had a beneficial effect upon Mrs. Dudleigh, and her willingness to lose the seclusion of her home, was regarded by her friends as a stepping stone perhaps to pleasanter paths in the future, a breaking of the ice at least that was pressing closer and closer around her. But her dread of meeting stranger was not overcome, hence her meals and Birdie's were served privately, and when taking her daily walks she was always closely veiled. Her constant fear that her child would be stolen from her, induced her to keep a still closer watch upon her, now that she was surrounded with strangers, but the air of mystery that enveloped "the veiled lady," attracted much comment, of which, she was happily unconscious. To one gentleman in particular she had become an object of great interest. Like herself, he, too, was a recluse, shunning all society. Cold, moody, and misanthropic, he repelled all advances.

To most ladies, such a gentleman,who is also endowed as he was, with an unusually handsome face and aristocratic mien, becomes a hero, and many were the little romances in girlish brains around this unapproachable man, some deeming him a nobleman in disguise, others, older and wiser ones, more suspicious could almost see the mark of Cain upon his brow. But indifferent alike to blame and to praise, he wrapped an impenetrable mantle around him and went to and from his room with his head slouched over his eyes, apparently unconscious of the curious gaze that followed him. All at least were firm in the belief that he had known sorrow. From a distance Birdie had observed, he had often seen the veiled lady and the beautiful child approach the spring and had tried to obtain a glimpse of the face when she drank, but the half lifted veil only revealed a pair of pale lips, but there was a something in the willowy grace of the woman's form that struck a sad, remorseful chord in the man's heart, and he would vainly try to banish the memories it evoked. The child was the embodiment of a poet's dream, and he would find himself wondering if her beauty was like her mother's, then again in vexation he would endeavor to dismiss such thoughts by trying to persuade himself that the veil concealed some disfigurement, which to see would be to disenchant. Oh! had he known just what that silken texture concealed! but let us not anticipate. "Fate steals along with ceaseless tread," and who can shun it?

One day while Mrs. Dudleigh took her afternoon nap, Birdie wakened and quietly slipping from the bed went to the window, and looking out upon the green sward saw two beautiful snow-white kittens going through all the antics of which kittens are capable. Delighted. Being passionately fond of the little creatures, the desire to go nearer and watch their gambols quite banished from memory her mother's oft-repeated injunctions, and tiptoeing from the room she ran down upon the grass in having a merry romp, when lo! a pair of horses dashed along at full speed and would have thrown her to the earth but for the timely interference of the gentleman who had so often watched her at her spring, and who, running to the horses' heads, gave Birdie an opportunity to escape, but—he fell.

"What a Providence!" "What a miracle!" "What a brave man," and other like phrases from pale, frightened lips were echoed here and there, all unheeded by the unconscious preserver of the child. Dr. Earle conveyed Birdie to her mother, and then returned to ascertain the extent of the man's injuries. A crowd had gathered around him, and one was trying to restore him to life.

"Is he dead?" was asked in awed whispers.

"No, only stunned," said Dr. Earle giving orders to have him carried to his room, where he and his wife expressed his eyes wonderingly upon the strange faces around him.

"You might have let me die with no great loss to the world," he said bitterly.

As day by day Dr. Earle found his injuries more severe than he had at first anticipated, and the gentleman himself, who had given his name as Mr. Ives, feeling that his life was in jeopardy, one morning called for pen and paper beside him and said in a weak and tremulous voice:

"I thank you for your kind attention, Doctor Earle, and I am going to trespass still more upon you by making you the depository of the secret, the bitter secret of my life, and if I die, I want you to seek one I cruelly wronged and tell her how truly she has been avenged. Her name however I will not disclose until I know there is no hope, for her pride was great and I will not trample on it further, unless I am compelled so to do.

Upon me, a proud, ambitious young man, my father had set his brightest hopes, being very wealthy he gave me every advantage of education that money could bring. My mother died in my infancy, and an aunt idolized and indulged me until I knew nothing of being a law unto myself, and was wholly unprepared for my father's loss of fortune. He had a dear friend also possessed of great wealth, and one charming daughter; to see myself and this girl united in marriage had been the cherished dream of their lives, and now my father became more than ever urgent in his entreaties that I should marry the heiress, and especially a woman under a ban!

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"Every, precious lamb, you're free to breathe the blessed air, free from spot or stain"

"Free! I free from stain! Poor Mehitable, are you crazy?" she said, looking anxiously into the excited face.

"No, no child, I'm sane; it's all true; Mr. Ives, as we called him, has come to life, leaves was he was never dead, and is here to prove it!"

An expression of incredulous surprise and horror at the conviction now of Mehitable's insanity passed over Violet's face.

"Oh, honey, I don't wonder you doubt it, but I'll convince you yet, shall I call him in?"

"Yes, Mehitable, I will see whoever can explain this mystery to me," said Violet, calmly rising from her bed, thinking her kind friend had been imposed upon by some one desirous of releasing her at the expense of truth and justice.

At a signal from Mehitable Mr. Stanhope entered. It was indeed he! The very face she had seen lying down by the river-side upturned to the sky with every appearance of death. The face that had haunted her every moment since. She stood spell-bound until he advanced towards her with outstretched hand, when she involuntarily recoiled from him as from some ghastly presence.

"Poor child! I have returned indeed in the flesh to set you free and make what reparation I can, for the woe that I have caused you;" and seating himself near her he made his confession as he received hers in return.

"God be thanked my father's name is unstained with his brother's blood!" cried Violet, forgetful of herself.

"And God forgive me for the broken hearts and homes that I have made," said Mr Stanhope, burying his face in his hands, to which prayer Violet uttered a soft amen, but Mehitable's penitent self was more apparent than words. That the good Father would forgive such an enormity simply for the asking, she did not care to believe, and she really wished that she might see the destroyer of peace suffer for his sins, forgetting possibly that the transgressor's way is hard, and that man pays to the utmost farthing the penalty of sin as wished by it.

Such in our blind passions should we wish to mete out punishment! Vengeance is mine saith the Lord!

"And now I have still another surprise for you, Miss Lawrence; I am the truant husband of your friend, Mrs. Dudleigh, or rather Mrs. Stanhope, whose husband I was mercy-guided in the wings of time, if possible, to liberate you. Her sad story I will tell you by and by," said Mr. Stanhope.

"What a strange, strange world!" said Violet, almost doubting the evidence of her own senses.

"It's a powerful slight wickedor world than I knew of," said Mehitable in virtuous indignation, drawing her skirt closer and closer about her lest they suffer contamination by a touch of this man, and quietly withdrew, that he might make the rest of his confession to Violet alone, which he did,and rejoicing in her friend's newfound joy she almost forgot the shadow that lay behind her in the sunlight there spread out the child fatures for many a day.

"And more, Violet, I have seen the authorities and you will soon be released from this horrible place—I will leave you in your friend's care until I can do something for you!"—said Mr. Stanhope.

"God has done enough," said Mehitable, with double significance, as she re-entered the room. Violet extended her hand in token of forgiveness, and as he clasped the slender fingers within his own, and looked down upon the white emaciated face and beautiful golden head shorn of its glory, all estranged from the blooming, joyous creature she was. While he crossed her path a mist gathered before his eyes and he wondered if he had not sinned past God's mercy, and with a sorely chastened heart he turned his face homeward where his wife and child were watching and waiting for him the sinner but, also, thank God—the beloved and a wife's holy influence shall refine the dross.

* * * * *

A few days later found Violet once more in the house which Mehitable had kept just as she had left it, hoping and believing that sometime the sorrowing girl would find a refuge there.

"It is longer Marsh!" he said gazing in admiration upon the glad young face.

"No, no; the 'bitter' has gone out of my life I am tasting only the sweet again."

"And my footsteps you took for another's, whose coming is to sweeten the sweets" he asked, still holding the quivering little hand.

"Yes, Dr. Earle. I will not deny that I was listening for another step; his coming will create no happiness now, however. I am very glad to see you," she said blushing beneath his intense gaze, and withdrawing her hand, muttered him to a seat

Arriving at the little village a week later, he was most surprised to find him self regarded as something uncanny, many looking upon him as a ghost and shunning him accordingly, and it required much patience and explanation to convince others of his identity Mehitable's indignation was almost ungovernable, but she hastily arrayed herself and accompanied him to the jail.

Violet upon her little cot with hands idly folded upon the coarse coverlet. Her face was much emaciated, and a sad hopeless expression looked forth from her large blue eyes. Mehitable entered first in return for your kind remembrance of my friends, allow me to ask if the ban being removed from your life, will cause the course of your life to run more smoothly, or in other words, can the mysterious stranger of the haunted house claim you openly now, will there be a glad fruition to your merry waiting?"

"Oh yes, yes. I am daily, hourly expecting his arrival," she replied with a radiant face.

And it was he you were waiting for today, with that happy light in your eyes?" said Mehitable, in a tone that was thinking of when you surprised me, dreaming of joyous reunion. Would you like to know his name, Dr. Earle—I can speak it now with no danger to him or to me?" Violet asked, her eyes sparkling with the pleased surprise she was about to confer, but the light was suddenly quenched as he replied coldly.

"It is immaterial. I had hoped to carry home a favorable answer to Herbert's suit."

An indignant flush overspread Violet's face as she asked with a ring of scorn in her voice "Do you come as Mr. De Vere's envoy? I had given him credit for possessing manliness enough to present his petitions in person."

"But you must remember that you refused to listen once."

"And shall most assuredly refuse to listen now, if another must plead his cause; I do not approve of intercession in affairs de coeur."

"Then I infer that if he comes himself, you will receive him favorably?"

"I know of no one to whom I would give a warmer welcome than to 'Mr. DeVere!' You will never know how I prized his confidence and esteem when those were the most important surrounding me. I will be proud to have him know that I was worthy of his friendship."

"He knows it. I told him; and he rejoiced, and his joy will be enhanced tenfold when I deliver your message," said Dr. Earle, watching her flushed face with a smile, half amused, half perplexed.

"I presume is is hardly necessary to ask if Miss DeVere accompanies you on your Eastern tour."

"No, it is not necessary to ask," was the response.

At this instant Violet's attention was arrested by the clicking of the gate latch, and Dr. Earle following the direction of her eager eyes, saw a gentleman advancing up the gravel walk, with one glad cry, Violet rushed from the room, and was clasped in his arms.

"Humph! and there is her lover, perhaps—December and May indeed! The old gray-beard doubtless feels great pride in his conquest. Yes, I see it is the occupant of the Haunted House!" Those thoughts passed rapidly through Dr. Earle's mind as he watched for a moment the shining head nestling close in the loving embrace and then turned away with another disgusted "humph." When Violet returned to the room her eye-lashes were damp with tears, though very evidently not tears of sorrow, for never a brighter smile beamed on woman's face than that which accompanied her introduction of—her father!

"Your father," said Dr. Earle, in amazed incredulity as he took the hand extended to him in friendly greeting.

"Yes, he was not drowned as reported but thought it best to be considered so, rather than bring disgrace upon me, which his return and arrest would surely have done, and he has wandered from place to place not knowing that I was accused of the crime. And even when we met so unexpectedly in the grove by Mrs. Dudleigh's house I for one startled moment, thought the dead had risen. I kept it all from him, for how could I use this dear sorrowlying where mine had lain—as a jail?" said Violet resting her hand lovingly upon his gray locks.

"No, from Mr. Stanhope's own lips I first heard of this dear child's terrible experience within the past few months, but—God willing, the future shall atone, Violet. Those days and weeks of darkness we will remember as a frightful dream as a poor little shorn lamb" said Mr. Lawrence touching his lips to the soft shining rings of hair, remembering with a pang the long flossy curls that had been his pride and which she had in some way led him to believe, when they had met in the South, had been sacrificed during an illness.

Dr. Earle, feeling this re-union too sacred to be intruded upon, arose and made his adieus.

"I may make you the bearer of my kindest regards to your sister" asked Violet, lifting her eyes one moment to his. He bowed low over the tiny hand and his footsteps crunching the gravel walk and the clicking of the gate latch echoed in her ear after she laid her head upon her father's shoulder, mingled a tear with the sweet, causing a severe self chiding for the ingratitude that would permit a shadow to fall upon the unalloyed joy that she had believed that her father's presence would bring, and the next morning with a determination to banish, if possible, this haunting, improbable, only half confessed, might have been, she opened the piano and tossing her fingers over the keys, played and sang quite merrily until she became somehow conscious of another presence and looking around half frightened, she saw there, the open door a well known form leaning against the old oak tree, the gentle morning breeze lifting the curls from his uncovered head.

Smiling at her surprise he endeavored to hear

"I came just as you were finishing your merry song and did not wish to interrupt you," Dr. Earle said, entering the house and seating himself beside her. "I thought you had left us forever," Violet exclaimed, lifting her dewy eyes to his in pleased surprise.

No, I rescribbled a package in my possession containing something which I believe once belonged to you, and wished you to identify the same." And he produced a tiny roll of tissue paper from which fell two long silken curls"

"My own!" cried Violet turning them around her finger.

They were left with me the night that you thought I would so willingly have delivered you up to the officers in pursuit."

"I will give them to page, he will be so glad to see them once more."

"I claim them, Miss Lawrence, as my special property," Dr. Earle replied, as he imprisoned the hand that held them.

But by-the-by, why do you not congratulate me upon my approaching nuptials" he asked regarding her with a peculiar smile.

"Pardon me, sir, but you have so many others you will not need mine."

"But have you no word to send to Clarice?"

"No sir, I have not."

"Well, time is passing, I must go," he said, looking at his watch. Violet tried to withdraw her fluttering little hand from his clasp.

"Why won't you ask me to remain longer?" Dr. Earle said, looking quizzically into the wondering blue eyes.

"I thought you were in haste to return

brow, but if you will stay I shall be glad."

"Let the look into your face and see a confession of your words." But the half averted face drooped lower and lower.

"Tell me to-day, Violet?"

"Dear, it but one who has a claim upon your choice—Dr. Earle," she replied, with dignity.

"I have deceived you, Miss Lawrence," my conduct with Miss De Vere is broken?"

"Brother!" cried Violet, with a troubled glance, a broken engagement meaning, to her, a bitter heart-ache for one party at least.

"Yes, I instituted an investigation after you severed, and found that she had been the instigator, and one who could mercilessly stab a other woman was no wife for me. It did not grieve her. You need not look so sad. We shall doubtless know very soon of another engagement."

"But—you loved her."

"Not as I loved another, the pride told me Charlie would be a more fitting bride."

"In the other one—the one you love—not a noble hero?"

"I believe far more so."

"Is she not so beautiful?"

"No, she is the fairest among women."

"Do you love her dearly?"

"With all my heart and soul and strength."

"Then you must wait!"

"I fear not you, though I hope I can get her to endure me. But there is one more question. My cruel little catechist, that you have omitted to ask. Would you not like to know her name?"

"Yes, if you care to tell me," she replied, hiding her eyes with a strange, troubled light, while a pang entered her heart.

"Her name is Violet, and she is the sweetest flower that ever bloomed."

Very low drooped the sunny head and rosy cheek the dimpled cheeks, as a dear voice whispered in her impassioned tones:

"Darling, come!"

Loving arms encircled her, and kisses, long and lingering, were showered upon her beautiful lips.

[THE END.]

FROM NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, August 88, 1877.

The impoverished millionaire is a frequent character to be met with about the city. The shrinkage has been so enormous in real estate values, rents in many instances have been reduced one-half, and the investment of wondrous growth, who got rich before the war, and lived from the labor of the land to the pleasure of much riding all day drank champagne before breakfast, and other meals—is now in many instances do—feels the change. Some things were in 1859, who boasted a real roll of $500,000 or $1000,000, who indisputably had vast and unimagined wealth, have availed the depths of Wall street but most deep down into the Cimmerian of real estate. Though many have been partially wrecked, all are not by any means. The After estate is estimated to have shrunk up by fifty millions, and yet there is no line to be upon a bed of imbecility and debility, is left with the wonderful remnant of six millions. The Lord made himself apparent, and so his vast property still is, by Mr. A. T. Stewart, also affected by the decline in incomes. Had Girard lived in Savannah, long Branch or Saratoga, he the astounding story. The commerce that resort to Coney Island, on following his commercial excursions, is an endless one, as are the thousands who go and will to admire, and elegant homes, which in the city, contrary to the ancient fiat of fashion, are kept open the year round. The so-called "dull season" has been reduced to the half-year, as well as the poorer classes, and the former owner is the richer and a more delicate flavor. The trip to the sea-side or the watering place has been more of the prolonged character, and the familiar faces belonging to the fashionable circles are already seen in town. That genius of gay life, between Fourteenth street and Thirty-fourth street, Broadway and Fifth Avenue, begins to be much frequented, and as soon as this debilitating hot atmosphere shall give place to the cool breezes of September, the whole will be en masse as ever.

The car conductors and drivers, after being deterred in the robberies they were stealthily perpetrating by ingenious methods of beating the bell punch, are now waging a war against the reduction of their wages, which are, as stated, cut down to the starvation point, while their long weary hours are long enough to exhaust the stability of a salamander. They are in a helpless state, and quite at the mercy of those who are selling such interesting problems in political economy as getting the largest amount of labor from the smallest amount of pay. Pity the sorrows of the poor car conductor, and the driver who is exposed to all the pass him to the extremes of temperature, who roosts in summer and freezes in winter, and whose almost only relaxation from his toil is when he is sleep, the sleep of exhausted nature. A driver declared that when the wounded Soldier arrived his muscles were so twisted from the want of accustomed strain that he became lame.

The rich livery stable keepers have become a prominent character in the lower stratum of society. The papers teem with disgusting accounts of their brutal treatment of their employés. The latter seem to have no suffering influence, and poverty is an unendurable curse. This bitter experience has usually led the man to become a drunkard, and to be cursed and beaten refused he has often remained so hours in illness and fierce cold and wet and heat, to be cursed and labor. The wages he earned are at once appropriated and then are soon swallowed up by those gain for poor men's use, the city, the state, the nation. A refusal now and then results in a fractured skull, but most often in agonizing lingering deaths. The police courts in the morning are often crowded with cases of this character, but no punishment adequate to such atrocity. And if the wife complains to the police, she is again beaten by the employer of the husband, these wretches are the necessary result of a class of their own making. But many living in affluence, even the Christian professor, are blind and heedless to such horrors as these.

VIDI.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

The Christian Union says: The courage and persistence of the Romish Church in its efforts to get possession of the public schools of this country, in defiance of the constitution and common sense, is one of the most remarkable facts of the times. Mr. Mackinnon, who is a member of the Church Union of Massachusetts, is engaged in a crusade against this encroachment. He has been lecturing attended by women and girls, circulated the petitions, and read extracts from the book, "The Priest in Absolution." And the meeting endorsed him with a resolution.

The Methodists of Pittsburgh celebrated the one hundred and thirtieth anniversary of the organization on the 29th of July. The sermon was preached by Bishop H. J. A. Simon, of Philadelphia.

The Bishop (Episcopal) of the Diocese of Pittsburgh has issued a pastoral letter with reference to the labor troubles, recommending a proper form of prayer to be used in the churches.

Not long ago the Jews of Philipolis, Turkey, established a school for the study of Talmud and Turkish language and elementary studies are taught. An examination was recently held in the presence of the officers and members of the place, showing its second success, and gaining for it the good opinion of all.

Fifty thousand Churchmen, it is said have signed a petition asking for the repeal of the Public Worship Regulation Act of the Church of England.

The Church of England possesses in England 28,000 religious edifices among them 30 Cathedrals, 340,000 glebe houses and 31 Episcopal palaces; 1,000,000 acres of valuable land, and revenues amounting to $50,000,000.

The Bible Christians are a Methodist body found in the Dominion of Canada and Great Britain, in the United States and Australia. The Canadian Conference recently in session, reported the following statistics: 24 districts, 197 ministers, 197 lay preachers, 123 churches, 62 other preaching places, 9,200 church members, 1,500 Sabbath school scholars, and $4,000 for missions in church membership over last year, 600.

Five hundred young men, all Methodist converts, met in Indian Asbury (Methodist) Uni-

A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.

He held her hand and she held his—
She sighed and "Sir Jim," He whispered "Lily."

Her eyes were upturned toward the fair,
He murmured her name in a tone of love.

Then had they sat for nights and nights,
Had they not been disturbed by papa.

He was rich and she was poor,
That was the reason he loved her so.

He knew his father would not give his consent,
That was the reason he loved her so.

Then they talked about their future life,
And how happy they would be.

And the while blushing like a rose,
Replied, "Sure any time, I suppose?"

So Saturday the twelfth of May,
Was chosen as the happy day.

Her father was most pleased, indeed,
For he was somewhat run to seed.

And as for Lizzie's mother she
Was just as glad as she could be.

"For now," she argued, "I can put
A quid back, and be happy too!"

To dress their daughter in a style
Befitting the lord lover's pile."

Her father mortgaged his estate,
Likewise his furniture and plate.

The day arrived—the two were hitched,
And into the wedding dinner stitched.

The bridegroom was quite full of fun,
And said his life had just begun.

Which statement was considered thin,
As his new name soon lost its charm.

And his actions said, in spite of cherry,
That he'd soon go to the cemetery.

That night he asked his blushing bride
If she was quite well satisfied.

Her answer was, "I want some stamps,
To ease my pa's financial cramps."

"My wealth is to the bank," said he,
"And I will draw a check for three."

Alas! alas! that fatal night,
The bank went higher than a kite.

And the sheriff called on Lizzie's dad,
And sold out everything he had.

In the poor house Lizzie's mother sits,
Engulfed in melancholy fits.

And she often sighs and says, "I'd utter,
Let some mechanic had my daughter."

XX.

A Regimental Martyr;

OR,

HOW GERARD ST. HILARY WAS DRIVEN INTO MATRIMONY.

CHAPTER I.

"Make hay in St. Hilary's room to-night."

Lieutenant Gerard St. Hilary came leisurely down the broad corridor and staircase of the officers' quarters in the cavalry barracks of Colchester, and crossed the passage leading to the mess-room. As he turned the handle of the door a fragment of the conversation within fell upon his ear—"Make hay in St. Hilary's room to-night."

"The dooce!" ejaculated that young gentleman.

"Sentry-box him first," cried a voice which he recognised as Captain Gurney's, a man well up the list of seniority, and who was said enough to have known better, "and if that doesn't fetch him, hammer the door in."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed a chorus of voices, almost every one of which the intended victim had a retreat.

"Sentry box me! Ah, thank you, Captain Gurney," he exclaimed, when he had reached the shelter of his own room; "the compliment is increased, and I'm on my guard this time."

Hastily changing his undress for mufti, Mr. St. Hilary made the best of his way out of barracks, going in the direction of Colchester.

The regiment of which he was the butt-in-chief for practical jokes, was the Fifty-second Dragoons, known as the Queen Victoria's own. Perhaps his unfailing good temper made him more subject to this form of wit than would have been the case if he had been malice and malice.

An outsider would, perhaps, say, "Why did not he report the offenders, and so secure peace?" Any one with the least knowledge of regimental life could tell such a one that for a subaltern to adopt such a course would simply be to limit his career in the army to a very short space. Of course during the process he blistered a good deal, and frequently threatened to tell the chief all about it the very first thing in the morning. Fortunately for his brother officers, Gerard St. Hilary had a peculiarity. After 8 A. M. he could not keep his eyes open, and was glad to make any bargain which would leave him in peace.

It was invariably the same; Lieutenant St. Hilary, lightly clad, as likely as not soaked with water, standing in the centre of a group of excited comrades in mess dress, expressing his determination "to have no more of this foolery, by Jove."

"Go it, Jerry; pile it up, my boy!" one would cry amidst the jeers of the bystanders.

"I'm surprised at you, D'Albert," poor Jerry would cry, in disgust. "I'll report you in the morning, upon my soul I will, though you are a captain."

Small heed did the Fifty-second take of these painful threats. Was not the end unvarying? Presently St. Hilary would begin to shiver, then sleep would come dropping her grains of sand into Gerard's blue eyes, and his comrades knew that there was their time.

"Now, my old man, if you forgive us, you deserve to be."

"Well, let me be quiet," was poor Jerry's answer it was always the same), "and I'll say no more about it."

The gratitude of the rioters was generally shown on these occasions, by the careful way in which they tucked Gerard up in bed and ordered his people to something like order. Also, only sometimes! Order generally took days and a visit to the upholsterer's to effect, with much groaning from Jerry's man on the subject of what he called "those liftids."

Poor Gerard had undergone every possible form of practical joking, and he was become a little tired of it, the trodden worm will turn, and he to-night had determined to put a stop to it once for all, though it must be owned he didn't quite know how he set about it.

However, enough on that head. I will just say that Gerard had let what he had heard and described the process.

"I assure you, Miss Warwick," he said, shaking his head solemnly, "that by this time to-morrow everything in my room will be mashed to bits."

"What a shame!" cried Elinor, warmly. "If I were you I'd try—"

"What?"

She reached up to her companion's ear and whispered a few words to him, he burst into a roar of laughter.

"By Jove, what a brick you are!" he cried, forgetting his manners. "I never heard such a splendid idea in all my life. God, what a clever girl you are!"

"The quite original," she responded sweetly.

"Miss absolutely perfect," replied Gerard, "and worthy of you to steep my. How they will hop by-and-by!"

Elinor's mischief-loving face was very close to his, and the pretty head was very near his shoulder, as she turned, and said impressively:

"Mind, no white, and don't strint the quantity."

"All right," answered Gerard, "I'll get plenty."

He did not go into the barracks, but walked past them straight into Colchester, meeting on his way several of the officers returning to dinner, to whom he called out inquiries and orders as to the weather and various other matters, which they were unable to answer, and stiff to think of anything beyond his dinner and his bed; but there was no need that day, and that we have to record that Gerard was thankful for life hands, which is not, I trust, too severe a reflection on the gentlemen of her Majesty's army.

It was three o'clock; the rink was full, and a crowd of well dressed skaters were gliding along to the strains of "Gerlicht and Verloren" waltz. Gliding, did I say? Well, some were gliding, but others were shuffling, and many were clinging ignominiously to the iron railing along the wall, while some more courageous ones were trying manfully to pretend that the bumps and falls they got did not hurt at all, and were in fact rather agreeable than otherwise.

Gerard got his skates on with all speed, and quickly made his way up and down the gay throng, as though seeking for some particular individual. He was evidently a great favorite with the fair one, for wherever he went he was greeted with smiles and other little pleasantries. Tall, short, fair, or dark, all seemed equally pleasant to him. Those pretty girls in blue and cerise in green, in scarlet and white, in rich hats and Gainsborough and for each and all he had a bright word or compliment, but he lingered with none.

He did not find the object of his search very readily, for he was a trifle short-sighted, and, as I know from experience, the wearing of an eye-glass confines one's sight to the space immediately before it.

At last his patience was rewarded; wheeling round in great circles came a young lady, who attracted the attention and admiration of all. She was not very tall; rather under than over the middle height, with a graceful figure and carriage, delicate little hands and feet and a small mignon face, of which the nose was just a wee bit upturned and the eyes were brilliant gleaming hazel. Her hair, which was extremely abundant, was twisted round her small shapely head in massive coils, and was of that peculiar auburn hue. She was dressed in a rich but costume of prune-colored serge, and her hat was of the same material. Her waist and throat were clasped by a heavy silver belt and necklet.

The name of this young lady was Elinor Warwick. Her father held the appointment of deputy-assistant commissary-general. She lived on the same side of the town as the barracks were situated, and was a great favorite from her father's position, on very intimate terms with both the cavalry and infantry officers stationed in Colchester.

The profession was, however, given to the former, and Mr. St. Hilary enjoyed the distinction of Miss Warwick's slave-in-chief. Poor Gerard, slave-in-chief and butt-in-chief! Not an unenviable fate, but the former office he would not have designated for any consideration, while words will not express Mr. St. Hilary's feelings on the subject of the latter.

It was a remarkable fact that, although ladies never could see anything in Miss Warwick, "a little pet, snub-nosed thing," she always had three or four men "in tow." On that afternoon she had a carnier on either side, while one or two others made up in the rear. As she said to herself, "The clumsy fellows could never get out at the way; it was just like skating with outriders."

Gerard went up, his blue eyes ablaze, and skated alongside of her for some distance, to the intense disgust of the man he had supplanted. Miss Elinor had, however, no intention of affording him a chance of showing him favor was by ill-using him, yet giving him certain small liberties which she did not accord to the men she took the most pains to please. One man would beg to another when she was ordering Gerard about. "I would not stand that; what a big duffer the fellow is!"

But Gerard would not have exchanged the sweet familiarity of his intercourse with Elinor for all the civil speeches in the world; in fact it was a case of "Betty know'd her man."

"You're coming to our ball, Miss Warwick?" asked he.

"O, yes, of course," she answered, in a quick clear voice.

"How many am I to have?" pleadingly.

"I really don't know. How many do you want?"

"Every one."

"Well, but you can't have them. I'll give you one quadrille if you like, the third."

"And four waltzes besides!"

"No," very decisively. "I'll give you three, if you'll make yourself generally agreeable this afternoon, do your duty like a man, you know."

"May I walk home with you?"

"Well, yes."

"I won't do it for three," announced he, leaning forward with a dangerous look in his blue eyes.

"Four, then," said Elinor, in a rather frightened tone.

"And supper."

"Now, Mr. St. Hilary, you're asking too much. Its not in reason."

"And supper," repeated our hero firmly, "or I'll not stir an inch."

"Well, go away."

Away he went, having learned a soldier's firm lesson thoroughly. He managed to keep Miss Warwick in sight, and when she disappeared to be divested of her skates he followed Gerard's example, and made himself look fine. Unfortunately for the inhabitants of Colchester remarked, "no one but Miss Warwick would have the courage to wear."

As the two walked home together through the dreary November fog, Elinor became aware that something was amiss with her companion. More than once he sighed wearily, and was altogether so different from the Gerard St. Hilary whom jolly laugh was heard every two minutes, that she was completely puzzled.

"Whatever is the matter, Mr. St. Hilary?" she said at last.

"O," moaned Gerard, with another long sigh, "I've got such a dose before me to-night."

"A dose?"

"Yes, the fellows are going to make hay in my room to-night."

"Make hay!" repeated Elinor, in a tone of real surprise. "What, in November?"

Then Gerard told her what he had heard,

A SUMMER IDYL.

Oh, he seems pup-pup-pup-pup-powers
To catch the fuf-fuf-fly
That every bub-bub-blessed hour
Mum-mocks my angry cry.

He bub-bub-buzzeth when I read;
With tickling cuc-cuc-creep;
Across my face with madd'ning speed
He crawleth when I sleep.

He bites me on the nun-nun-nose,
And buzzes in my ear,
His lazy hub-hub-horn he blows,
That tickles me to hear.

Forth from the syrup he cuc-crawls,
With sticky fuf-fuf-feet;
In liquid sweetness oft he falls,
But oh, he is not sweet.

He is no fuf-philosopher,
Science is not his meat,
And yet he bub-bath, as it were,
Air pumps in all his feet.

No dud-dud-dud-dud-doctor he;
For every aggravation
His only treatment seems to be
Cuc-counter irritation.

He does not pup-pup-pup-pup-preach,
But all these Summer days,
When mint or sinner he can reach,
He pup-pup-pup-pup-prays.

Oh, wretched fuf-fuf-fuf-fuf-fly;
Oh, mite of living death!
I'd like to smite you hip and thigh,
And shut off your bub-breath.
—Burlington Hawkeye.

KING JOHN OF ETHIOPIA.

A Sketch that Rivals the Tales of the Arabian Knights—King John's Won- [illegible]

[illegible]

was a veteran warrior, the oldest of the King's personal attendants, whose ninety years had not dimmed the fire in his dark eyes nor bowed the gaunt, tall figure, almost as straight as the silver matchlock in his hand, whose gray beard mingled with the tawny mane of the lion's skin thrown over his shoulder, and whose locks were bound with a silver crown. It is difficult to imagine this splendid assemblage sitting about the throne of the King, who is a great soldier, a just Judge, and a powerful ruler; of distinguished and refined appearance, a fine horseman, a master of all athletic exercises; alike learned and practical in his religion, interested in other countries, and unquestionably the ablest prince who has been allotted to his own; and after an Arabian Night-like incident—i. e., the passing of a long line of slaves bearing on their heads baskets covered with red cloth, containing flat cakes called "taf," of which they deposit one before each of the principal guests—all the effect of the beautiful and poetical scene being dispersed by the following proceedings: "Meanwhile several cows had been slaughtered on the threshold of the hall, and large hunks of the raw and smoking meat were placed on the baskets, the stranger guest being first served. Two attendants then went round, one distributing knives from a case he carried at his side, and the other offering an antelope's horn full of mixed salt and red pepper, for us to season the meat with. All the company then set to, and began to devour the raw cow's flesh with the greatest avidity." This barbaric banquet, with all its accessories of silken robes, beautiful weapons, delicate fabrics, rich gems, dark handsome [illegible]

[illegible]

Napoleon on Sunday Laws.

[illegible]

SOME HINTS ABOUT POULTRY.

II.

It is very difficult to define the exact quantity of food that ought to be given to hens, and it is well to remember that at some seasons they will eat much more than at others; but, as a general rule for those in confinement, a ball about the size of a duck's egg in the morning, half of that at mid-day, and an average-sized handful of grain at night, is about the proper quantity for each bird; and less than that, of course, for those that have fields or farm-yards to roam in. The tendency with most poultry-keepers is to feed too well, and it is generally very difficult to get them convinced of this, for hens will go on eating long after they have had enough; but the consequences are always bad, such as accumulation of internal fat and the laying of soft or shellless eggs. This latter disease—for so it may be called—is a very common effect of over-feeding young hens, and is sometimes not observed till it has existed for some time, as such eggs are very often eaten by the birds as soon as laid, and if they are not caught in the act, those who keep them may be none the wiser. The quickest and most effectual way to cure the effects of over-feeding is to administer a good dose of Epsom salts in their soft food in the morning, and to starve them till the following day. Indeed, such treatment to over-fed fowls that have gone off laying will often bring them into that condition again at once. Poultry should always have access to plenty of cool fresh water; and if the dish containing it cannot be kept in a cool or shady place, the [illegible]

[illegible]

Growth of Human Hair after Death.

[illegible]

BEFORE AND AFTER.

When a lover is waiting on his mistress, with what pains does he commend himself to her good graces! And not only does he give himself pains in order to secure her favor, but because it seems to him indispensable that she should be the object of every solicitude, because it affords him the liveliest pleasure to exert that solicitude, because he cannot help exerting it. The earth is hardly good enough for her delicate feet to tread; he would smooth the pebbles out of her path. The air is hardly good enough for her to breathe; he would not have the winds of heaven visit her cheek too roughly. She is an ideal being, a sacred thing; he sets her in a shrine, and composes her with "sweet observances."

It may be that it is the wife's fault that we so seldom see this state of things protracted long after marriage, that she does not keep herself at the ideal height where she had been placed, and shows that, after all, she is only common clay, with a bad temper and a slovenly morning gown. Be the fault where it may, it is noticeable that after marriage, in the majority of instances, all the petits soins decline, and that the husband makes anybody else welcome to perform such offices for his wife, so long as he is allowed the enjoyment of his newspaper and cigar and general freedom and ease. Is it the husband who turns over the wife's music, opens the wife's parasol, runs the wife's trivial errands from this room to that? On the contrary, the friend, the guest, the casual stranger, the next one handy, is the convenient person on whom these little duties devolve in too many instances. The [illegible]

[illegible]

Antipathies of Royal and Famous Personages.

[illegible]

CURIOSITIES OF THE VOICE.

Until recently there were mysteries difficult to explain concerning the wonderful inflections of the human voice.

Investigators have long been occupied with researches, but until they had seen the larynx of a living being, one thing only was proved that the voice was formed in the glottis. A slight sketch of all the organs will be interesting.

From the breast there rises to the middle of the neck the passage for the air between the lungs and the mouth; at one end it is divided into numerous branches, called the bronchial tubes; at the upper end, like the capital of a column, is seen the larynx, resembling an angular box; strong cartilages make it very resistant; and the interior is lined with a mucous membrane forming folds, called the vocal lips. These separate, lengthen, or shorten in the formation of various sounds. The largest of the four cartilages rises in an angular form, and protects the whole structure. It is but lightly shown in the neck of the female, but strongly marked in the man, and is popularly called Adam's-apple. Like everything else, the larynx presents individual differences. A fine development is an indication of a powerful voice. As the child grows up, there is a sudden alteration and increase of size; but it always remains smaller in the woman than in the man; the angles are less sharp, the muscles weaker, the cartilages thinner and more supple, which accounts for the sharp treble notes in their voices.

Singing demands a different kind of activity [illegible]

[illegible]

with their merry warbles. Cuvier discovered the exact place from which their note issued. They possess a double larynx, the one creating the sounds, the other resounding them; naturalists call the apparatus a drum. These two lips form the vocal cords, which are stretched or relaxed by a very complicated action of the muscles. This accounts for the immense variety of sounds among birds, replying to the diversity in the structure of the larynx.

The greater number of small birds have cries of joy or fear, appeals for help, cries of war. All these explosions of voice borrow the sounds of vowels and consonants, and show how easy and natural is articulation among them. Those species which are distinguished as song birds have a very complicated vocal apparatus. For the quality of tone, power and brilliancy, the nightingale stands unrivalled; yet it does not acquire this talent without long practice, the young ones being generally mediocre. The parrots which live in large numbers under the brightest suns, have a love for chattering which captivity does not lessen. Attentive to every voice and noise, they imitate them with extraordinary facility; and the phenomenon of their articulating words is still unexplained. It is supposed that there is a peculiar activity in the upper larynx. As a rule, they attach no meaning to what they say; but there are exceptions. When very intelligent and well instructed, these birds—such as Mr. Trueditt's late parrot, an account of which appeared in this journal in 1876—can give a suitable answer to certain questions.

Our notes on this interesting study come to a close. Man is well served by his voice; words [illegible]

[illegible]

PECULIARITIES OF THE NATIVES IN INDIA.

[illegible]

The Procession of Lady Godiva at Coventry.

[illegible]

Russian Funerals.

[illegible]

HOUSEKEEPER.

GINGER SNAPS.—One cupful sugar, one cupful molasses, one teaspoonful soda, one tablespoonful vinegar, salt, ginger, flour to make it stiff, roll thin.

TO REMOVE CLARET STAINS.—Claret stains can be removed with the juice of a lemon and common table salt; rub well with the lemon, and then rub the salt in well; rinse with warm water, and hang out in the sun.

FOR TENDER FEET.—Bathe the feet every night in warm water, and immediately after apply to them strong vinegar. When they are inclined to crack or become dry and hard (which is frequently a great annoyance to aged persons), after using the vinegar, anoint them freely with spermaceti ointment.

PRESERVING SILKS AND RIBBONS.—Ribbons and silks should be put away for preservation in brown paper; the chloride of lime used in manufacturing white paper frequently produces discoloration. A white satin dress should be pinned in blue paper with brown paper outside, sewn together at the edges.

TO CLEAN LEATHER GLOVES.—The best way to clean wash-leather gloves is to wash them with nearly cold soap and water on the hands, and rinse well. When half dry, stretch them and pull them till they become quite soft; they require constant attention from the commencement of the washing till they are dry.

CHOCOLATE ICING.—Take three cupfuls of white sugar, pour on it just enough water to moisten it, let it boil till perfectly clear; beat the whites of three eggs very light, and add to it three ounces of grated chocolate; then pour on it the boiling sugar and beat until cold. It is much improved by adding two lumps of citric acid dissolved in a teaspoonful of water and mixed with the sugar.

FISH PIE.—Take any of the firm-fleshed fish, cut in slices, and season with salt and pepper; [illegible]

[illegible]

VENETIAN LADIES.

[illegible]

A Bird That Waltzes.

[illegible]

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SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 1, 1877.

A NEW SERIAL.

In the next issue of the Post we shall commence the publication of a new serial romance called

"KEID'S SECRET."

This is a charming tale by the author of "Ruby," "A Wife's Confession," and other excellent stories, and will be found full of fascinating incident. It is written in the author's best vein, and cannot fail to deeply interest all who read it.

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN.

Among the many honors that Philadelphia may justly claim, is that of having produced the first native of this country who devoted himself exclusively to literature and followed it as a profession. This individual was Charles Brockden Brown, whose works, though rarely read at the present time, stamp him as one of the most original writers who have ever put pen to paper on this continent. Besides his originality of thought, Brown had extraordinary vigor of style and great command of language. His novels, on which his claim to distinction principally rests, though roughly written in some parts, are thoroughly interesting and fascinating, and by no means merit the oblivion in which they have for so long been shrouded. Exception may justly be taken to Brown's idea of working out a plot, as, to his mind, to sacrifice nature and probability to effect was not only pardonable but highly commendable, and, in pursuance of this opinion, he always endeavored to invest his novels with romantic interest, not caring if in the attempt he trampled upon the plainest rules and dictates of reason, yet, in spite of all this, the critical reader of his romances cannot withhold from him the meed of praise due to a consummate master of the art of pleasing.

In body, Charles Brockden Brown was weak and sickly, but his mind was proportionately vigorous and subtle. His physical infirmities undoubtedly engendered his romantic imagination, and thirsting his whole life and all he did with that strength of which his mind, especially in a fiction-writer, is so charming and tends so greatly to win popular admiration. Brown's poems and essays were all well received when published, and his political writings, which possessed the rare merit of being just without partisanship, were at one period in great demand. He also labored in some degree as a historian, and his summary of European and American affairs, from 1798 to 1800, proves conclusively that he had judgment, sagacity and impartiality, qualities most essential in a writer of annals. His ample and varied knowledge, acquired by severe and constant study, befitted him peculiarly for historical writing. Brown was born in this city, January 17, 1771, and his parents were worthy members of the Society of Friends. From an individual so constitutionally weak, his health delicate and his frame slight, he was educated at the school of Robert Proud, author of "Proud's History of Pennsylvania," and, whilst under his tutorship, made frequent solitary excursions on foot into the surrounding forests. The pleasure he derived from these excursions, together with the manner in which they were performed, may be learned from his novel of "Edgar Huntly," in which, under an assumed name and with fictitious surroundings, he has portrayed his feelings and adventures at this time. These lonely rambles tended to increase and foster his predilection for romance and wild enthusiasm, and, without doubt, led to the formation of his taste for fiction-writing.

On reaching man's estate, Brown decided law, but at the moment of being admitted to the bar suddenly decided not to become a lawyer. His physical weakness, distaste for the bustle and confusion of business, and, above all, his passion for letters, caused this unlooked-for determination, and urged him to its immediate execution. Brown now plunged into literature, and for six years, the greater portion of which was spent in New York City, bohemianized without any marked success, a prey to despondency and gloom. His unfortunate situation led him to adopt religious skepticism, but he soon returned to the bosom of Christianity. Allowance must be made for his changes of opinion at this period, for then the world, as a moral agent, was shaken to its very foundations by fearless inquiries and various and conflicting theories on all subjects. In the midst of this excitement, Brown published "Alcuin: a Dialogue on the Rights of Woman." At the same time he wrote a small novel, which, though never published, exerted considerable influence on his mind, and set him to thinking that genius was his forte. He determined to write a serial, and "Wieland," "Ormond," "Arthur Mervyn," "Edgar Huntly," "[illegible] Sherard" and "Jane Talbot," all [illegible] romances, appeared in rapid [illegible] following each other in a [illegible] little more than three years [illegible] public taste and immediately [illegible] popular. They were pronounced by the critics of the day to be original, energetic, pathetic and readable, though it was noted that they were without the least trace of humor. This fact, however, was not then considered a vital fault.

Brown was now in a measure famous, and offers to write for the press poured in upon him. Of these he judiciously availed himself, and besides edited a monthly magazine published in New York City. In 1800, he returned to Philadelphia, and three years afterwards began to write on political subjects, some of his productions passing through several editions, such was their success. But Brown's tastes led him to care little for politics, and his whole bias could now more to miscellaneous literature and editorial work. In 1804, being comparatively prosperous, he contracted what proved to be a happy marriage, and labored assiduously with his pen until 1809, when he was stricken with consumption. He then resolved to visit Europe, but his disease made such baneful progress that he could not carry out this resolution, and finally he was taken to his bed, from which he never again arose. He died February 22d, 1810, at the age of thirty-nine, as was truly said, a martyr to literature. A genius himself, Charles Brockden Brown admired talent in others, and knew not what it was to envy another's fame. He was ever modest and retiring, taking little credit to himself for his labors, and hardly seeming to realize the fact that he was the pioneer novelist of the United States.

CAMP LIFE.

Our people are rapidly growing to relish camp life and its rough but healthful pleasures, and every summer and fall more and more take to the tent for a brief period. Whether the late war had anything to do with thus engrafting a desire for camp life on our people of course is a problem, but it is fair to presume that its influence was not inconsiderable. A few seasons ago gentlemen only participated in these pleasure camps, but now ladies do not hesitate to share their discomforts and advantages, and physicians of eminent abilities are constantly recommending them to their patients as a remedy for the low tone which the system falls into in the spring of the year, in consequence of the autumn and winter's toils and troubles. Some of these medical men even go to the extreme of saying that if the ladies and gentlemen of the United States, instead of going to fashionable resorts in the summer, would try the benefits of camp life, it would be far better for them in a sanitary point of view.

At any rate, there is a charm about the camp that exists nowhere else, and the system of roughing it that it compels is pleasant for a time, even if it have no other benefit. But we are inclined to think that the physicians are right, and that the pure air, bracing exercise and freedom from restraint of the tent will soon build up the most inveterate invalid, and compel strength and vigor that can be sought for in vain in the thronged hotels of the seaside and among the mountains, where fashion holds pitiless sway, and social restraints forbid indulgence in the more robust and health-giving pastimes. Hence we are glad to see the taste for camp life extending year by year, and sincerely hope that it may become general before very long. It is advisable that our men should be strong and full of health, and that our women, especially those who reside in the more crowded cities and towns, should be less delicate and languid than they now are. If a brief experience of camp life in the summer or fall will promote these ends, and there can scarcely be a reasonable doubt on the subject, then, by all means, let camping out be judiciously encouraged and fostered.

OUR SANCTUM CHAT.

FIRMLY arrayed in opposition to the further employment of the "Heathen Chinee" in California, the San Francisco Post boldly speaks as follows: "We are constantly told that employment of Chinese labor has been a paying investment to this State as well as to the people who employ it. New industries opened, lands reclaimed, public works constructed, and railroads built over mountain and desert are piled up, Olympus-like, against those who urge the demoralization such alien labor produces. Putting aside all consideration of this character as to the past, let us ask if it be true, in whole or part, that Chinese labor is now required. Cannot all necessary labor, skilled or unskilled, be obtained from among our own people? If it is necessary to import labor, or seek for special training, as might be in the case of the Mission Woolen Mills, could it not be obtained at smaller cost even from the Eastern centres of that industry than the importers of Chinese now pay for the labor that is destroying and degrading? We do not believe such a course would be necessary, as there is sufficient American labor here. It doesn't pay to employ Chinese now, and if their employment continues it will be found to pay a great deal less."

VERILY, the West is energetic and enterprising. The latest rebuinder of this fact comes from St. Louis. That live city is endeavoring to establish a direct trade with South America. An agent for twenty-five of the leading manufacturing and commercial houses of the town recently started for Venezuela. He took with him samples of flour, furniture, trunks, tin and hardware, carpets, furnishings, beer and ale, soaps and candles, agricultural implements, perfumery, fancy articles, books and stationery, Catholic church service articles, matches, wire fence, sewing machines, provisions, iron goods, crackers, and bags and bagging. This is an example which merchants in this city and elsewhere might profitably follow.

A CONTEMPORARY has the following: "The wail comes from the watering places and popular summer resorts concerning the frightful dearth of beaux, the proportion being about five hundred young ladies to five of the gentlemen, just one hundredth of a fellow to a Miss—a little worse for the fair sex than Brigham Young's system of polygamy. While this scarcity of young men at our summer resorts is doubtless provoking to the fair and consequent upon the present hard times, what a paradise the situation must be for the five chaps who are there! Augustus, who during the winter season attends party after party, only to be a wall flower, and smirked in the dance by all the pretty girls in the room, and contents himself by taking his sister home after the opera is over; now finds himself one out of five young men at a summer resort, his company no longer slighted, nor his weak attempts at flirtation passed by with indifference. What a change in the spirit of Augustus' dream! From sighing at the long end of the long line of winter beaux, he suddenly finds himself next to the head of the beaux, for the same reason that in his earlier years he stood next to the piano, there being only one other boy in the class. Suddenly raised to the giddy height of being a much sought after young man, and having at least a hundred eligible young ladies to choose from, it would be worse than criminal on the part of Augustus to weaken this brilliant opportunity of making a brilliant match. Not less than sweet sixteen with fifty thousand dollars attached should moderate either his transports or ambition; and if the new young fellow sows now at our watering-places lose the present opportunity of settling themselves comfortably for life, they may as well consider their doom to a miserable and forlorn bachelorhood ended."

THAT bright journal, the Boston Saturday Gazette, has this pungent paragraph: "The London Truth seconds Charles Reade in its defence of women doctors. If it is better than Mr. Reade, too, in arguing that there is no bar to their being personally attractive. Few people would be inclined to fall in love with Mr. Reade's Rhoda Gale. There is too much of Mr. Reade himself about her. He could not even endow her with the kittenish kind of attraction that he vouchsafes to the sex as one of its weapons of success in love encounters. Miss Gale is a good doctor. She proves the right and the capacity of women to heal and to cure, and to control their nerves in surgery also. But he does this for them with the disagreeable drawback that the penalty of being made strong-minded accompanies it all, and sounds Dr. Gale through his novel without the suggestion of a husband to her hand. The writer in Truth is a marked improvement upon this. He champions the sex in a vastly more considerate and sympathetic style, and deserves to be remembered after Mr. Reade's well-meant, but blundering attempt is forgotten. Hear him: 'Why should a woman be less womanly because she playfully adjusts the bandage or prescribes the harmless necessary pill? Is she to forswear all charming consciousness of her own beauty because she knows how the sternocleido-mastoideus aids the graceful pose of her head? Will she deny her lover the kiss, since she is aware of the action of the orbicularis oris during that tenderest pledge of soft affection? Will she be a worse sister, daughter or wife because she has a right to call M. D after her name? Shade of Hippocrates forbid!'"

AN Eastern exchange says: "Poetry, as an element in advertising, has not been developed to the full extent of its capabilities. We have had much verse, but little or none into the realms of prose which carries one into the realms of imagination, and holds him spell-bound in the realms of fancy. Now and then a genius appears, and startles us by his originality in this connection, but his example is not generally followed, possibly because it is not every one who can invest an every-day subject with a poetic aspect. These reflections have arisen after the careful perusal of a series of excursion advertisements which have appeared in the columns of several of our contemporaries. The public are wooed to the sea by the assurance that the ocean is ever along where the waves though gentle now in their rise and fall as the bosom of a slumbering infant when winter storms come down will be dancing a giant waltz over the ledges, and making music whose long roll will be heard over the tops of the trees of Alpine thunder. The grandeur of this sentiment is somewhat impaired by the prosaic statement immediately following that 'refreshments will be provided at moderate charges,' but business is business, and must be attended to, and poets must eat, as well as other people. Besides, if we fret under this sudden fall from imagination to fact, we are stimulated again, upon reading the injunction: 'Go and have the heaving ocean: go and see in it an emblem of the Unchangeable, and be exalted in thought; go and gaze upon it as the throne of the Invisible, and be exalted in feeling.' It is dog cheap, though we wish the band and the pecuniary consideration could have been introduced in a less practical manner. In another of these touching appeals to the most impressible sentiments in our nature, our patriotism is aroused towards a trip to Provincetown by the suggestion: 'It will be remembered that here in this harbor, in the little cabin of the Mayflower, were sown the seeds which, slowly germinating, produced fruit a century and a half later in the form of that immortal instrument, the national constitution, which—broader than Magna Charta—recognized the right of all men to a voice in their own government.' Could anything be more touching—more [illegible]? But here, again, is the imaginative blended with the practical by the announcement that it will cost one dollar to obtain these reminiscences of the Mayflower, the broader Magna Charta, and the roof of it. It is a promising beginning of an intellectual era of advertising, nevertheless."

MR. MURAT HALSTEAD is thus described in the Louisville Courier-Journal: "He is emphatically a busy man. This habit of constant and unremitting employment marks Mr. Halstead's manner and gives him an appearance of abruptness which is only superficial. He is never in a hurry, never loses the shell of his oatmeal is pretty thick, but inside there is a genial, and almost boyish frankness which soon puts one at his ease. As a writer, Mr. Halstead is forcible and vigorous. He knows what he wants to say, says it, and quits. His ideas come expressed in terse and clear English. He is a master of the art of condensation, and his editorials, whether on local or national topics, are models of their kind. He is a leading contributor to the paper named Truth, edited and published in London by Mr. Labouchere."

LITERARY NOTES.

The Popular Science Monthly Supplement, No. 5, has reached our table, and presents an exceedingly rich and enjoyable table of contents. The opening article is Prof. W. Ballhorn Dawkin's concise paper on "The Bible, which treats forcibly and scholarly of "The Bible in Modern Life." This is followed by an admirable essay on "Copernicus in Italy," D. Richard Proctor's position is represented by an exceedingly interesting paper on "Recent Progress in Astronomy," and "Exotic Anthropology" is instructively treated by Prof. Otis T. Mason. "Fifty Years of Public Life" is the subject of a biographical sketch of Alexander Stephens, and "Evolution of the Vices," the remaining papers, are all good, and the "Fortnightly Record" presents the present number of the Popular Science Monthly flagstement in a highly attractive publication.

"Voices of the Night" is the last publication of the Riverside Literature Series, published by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, New York. The opening article treats of "The Lost Leader and the Liar," and is a capital resume of the career of the great Eng. lish "versifier-getter." The second paper is entitled "Dr. Gall and Phrenology," and other discoveries made in Rome during the last ten or twelve years. "Oxford Gossip in the Seventeenth Century" is an interesting article, as is also the paper on "Economic Laws and Economic Facts." "The Science of Electricity" and "Peace and War," which is full of interesting and valuable information, close the present issue. The cream of our knowledge of electric science. The account of "New Guinea and Polynesia" treats of their climate, soil, and inhabitants, and concludes that it would be advisable to encourage scientific exploration" in that direction. "The War in the East" goes over the whole question again, giving the probable strength of the opposing armies, and the plan of invasion by the Russians. The concluding article has for its object "to show the true distinction between the duty of leading phrases 'National Morality,' and the true force and significance of that other much decried appeal to 'National Honor,' and to discuss England's duty in the present crisis and Russia's character and aims."

The American Agriculturist for September has its usual quantity of good and suitable reading matter for farmers, gardeners and housekeepers. It is largely illustrated with well-executed engravings. Published by the Orange Judd Company, New York.

The Western Rural, Chicago, for August, contains an ample share of agricultural, horticultural and household reading matter, and it is an interesting number. Published by T. Butterworth, Quincy, Ill.

PERSONAL.

Bret Harte is forty and quite gray.

Bierstadt, the artist, is spending several weeks in Colorado.

Henry W. Longfellow, poet, pays a tax on palatable worldly property of $9,633

Ex-Gov. Hendricks will sail from Liverpool on his return to America September 8

The Prussian Crown Prince is on October 4, will include all of that family in the list.

The house in which Pierre Corneille, the French dramatist, was born, at Rouen, has been restored.

Cardinal Bonnard, whose death is just announced, was seventy-five years old, a paralytic, and nearly blind.

George William Curtis, as well as Horatio Seymour, will speak at the dedication of the Saratoga monument.

Mr. Gardner Brewer, one of the richest men in Boston, built his house on the site of the old John Hancock mansion.

It is stated that Chief Justice Waite is at present as brown as a berry and feels once more like a boy among the scenes of his early life in Connecticut.

Mrs. Annie A. Preston, somewhat known as a writer, is the author of the "Children's Hour" engrine White, the first Puritan born in New England.

Breezeberry Kelly is an excellent old Methodist parson who dwells at the age of ninety-nine, in Tennessee, and who expects to preach a centennial sermon on his next birthday.

Mr. Whittier, it is reported, wishes to buy his old family homestead, but like the majority of literary men in America, he does not "put money to this purpose" rapidly enough to permit this.

Meissonier's portrait of Napoleon III. at the battle of Solferino, the eyes of which were scratched out, probably by some fanatical Republican, has been restored from the Luxembourg Gallery.

Dr. J. G. Holland has leased for an Autumn home an hundred year old house at Pittsfield, Mass. It is said to have been at one time a station of the underground railroad for negro slaves fleeing to Canada.

Mr. William Young, formerly the editor of The New York Albion, has written a blank verse poem on the subject of "Outlaw Jones," Madame Stael's well known work—which he hopes to have produced in America. Mr. Young is now residing in Paris.

Mr. Ruskin never troubles himself to discipline his swearing. He says in the last number of Fors that he would rather hear a person falling into the error of thinking that they show fitheir regard for him by asking him for sympathy instead of giving it.

The statue of Gen. Philip Kearney which was ordered by the state of New Jersey and most of the Capitol at Washington, is finished in an out of the way niche in the State House at Trenton, where it was placed when finished. No one seems to know or care what is to become of it.

Sir Henry Thompson, the famous surgeon and amateur artist has a delightful fashion of painting his surroundings. He has built a sort of a house boat, charmingly furnished, and in this, with his daughter for a companion, he is taking a sketching tour on the Thames.

Mrs. Gen. Sherman, Mrs. Thomas Layton, of New Orleans, and Mrs. Winnifred Patterson, of St. Louis, are the three ladies to whom the Pope has sent bronzed medals, acknowledging their filial gifts and unceasing good works. It is quite rumored that the Pope will bestow the golden rose upon Mrs. Sherman.

Captain Sir Lambton Lorraine, the British commander who saved the lives of two Americans at the time of the capture of the Virginius, has received a testimonial from New York merchants. It is a solid gold brick with the inscription "Captain Sir Lambton Lorraine, you are a brick. The Miners of Nevada."

Secretary Evarts is amused by the newspaper statement that he rules eleven lovely daughters. He says the other day to a correspondent: "Tell your people I don't object to eleven daughters, but I do object to the summary manner in which they have killed off my six sons." Secretary Evarts has a family of five daughters and six sons.

James Drummond, a Scottish artist, died recently at Edinburgh. He was the only member of he long a picture on the walls of the Royal Scottish Academy, and from that time to the present he held an honorable position in the exhibitions held in Edinburgh. His special department was landscape painting, in which he gained much distinction, two of his pictures having been purchased by the late Prince Consort.

M. Blanc, of Monaco gambler, has had a gorgeous funeral in Paris—so gorgeous that it was the talk of the town. The splendid car, used for the last time in the funeral of Mlle. Mercey was once more brought out from the stables attached to the "Pompes Funebres" for the body of M. Blanc. He was buried from the church of the Madeleine, the church of Saint Roch, and gratitude caused every priest attached to the parish to attend and take part in the ceremonies.

Mr. Moody has felt compelled to decline the invitation to visit Washington the coming Winter. In his letter declining he says: "I feel that New England cities are just now the places where the harvest seems to be more plentiful, and I feel as if I must be held on my heart that in this district was the place for labor the coming Winter, but may call within a day or two, after prayer, have I felt that I could decide upon this field."

Miss Kate Field will appear in London next season in a new play written expressly for her use. Two of her own dramatic compositions have been appropriated by the Dramatic Authors' Society of that city, of which she is a member. Her paper on the Shakespeare question, published in the July number of Belford's Magazine, has been copied in many of the leading journals of Europe, and has been translated into German and published in Berlin.

HOME CULTURE.

XI.

SELF-TRAINING;

A COMPANION TO THE

"YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND,"

Compiled to Suit Life in America,

BY

MRS. H. O. WARD.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

TEAS AND TEA-DRINKING.

What are called "high teas" in England, correspond to New England supper. A white table cloth is spread for the "high tea," with knives and fruit in stands; cut glass bowls of berries; with cream in glass jugs or quaint little silver pitchers; cut glass dishes, on stands of silver or glass plates, with pressed preserved fruits; hot rolls, muffins or waffles, and racks of toast. Broiled spring chickens or chicken croquettes, partridges, mush-rooms, etc., are served in covered dishes. The tea and coffee is poured out by the hostess from one end of the table. The servants remain until they have passed the fruit, then they retire, leaving the privacy of the party undisturbed for the short meal that is customary after the conclusion of the meal, before leaving the table. After entering the drawing room the host and hostess must see that their guests are duly entertained, or have an unbroken circle; as this has the effect of preventing that flow of conversation which is always the result of the company separating into groups. Eight o'clock is the usual hour for our high teas. Five o'clock teas and kettle-drums have been introduced here by those who have liked this English custom. The invitation, either printed in the form of a note in the left hand corner of the lady's visiting card, reads, "Kettledrum, November 1st," with the hours limited underneath, as "From 4 to 6 o'clock," or "From 5 to 7 o'clock." An answer is expected. If you go, no call is necessary afterwards. If you do not attend, a call is expected. The tea equipage stands on a side table, with a pitcher of hot water, and those who prefer it to tea; plates of thin sandwiches, and of cake. The lady of the house superintends the pouring of the tea, and the passing of the refreshments, which is done by servants under the aid of servants, where the number assembled is small. These duties are not very onerous, as the people who frequent kettledrums, as a rule, care more for social intercourse than for eating and drinking.

Many people, whose homes would be charming social centres, are prevented from giving evening entertainments on account of the great expense of the supper. It is a mistake to fancy that suppers are essential to the success of an evening party. Some of the most brilliant gatherings on a small scale, both in Europe and America, have been suppperless ones. Let it once be understood that the society of those who go out for the sake of hot suppers is not wanted, and the rooms will be thinned out in a few seasons of absence of those who go from other motives. Intellectual persons will have that opportunity to enjoy conversation, which modern society seldom affords; those who dance can enjoy that amusement, without the crush and heat which usually intrudes itself with their pleasure; and those who like to look on, will be able to see without interfering with the dancers. A side table, or buffet, with fish-house punch, and bouillon, and one or two hot dishes, such as chicken croquettes and broiled oysters, provides ample refreshment for those who fancy dancing and talking make them hungry, and the replenishing of the table, from time to time, does entirely away with that disgusting sight of a long row of people standing around a table, tier after tier, in the garden of civility to each other, as of the fine glass and china that they break. In Europe the suppers are principally cold, even for balls. Game already carved, and tied together with white satin ribbon or ribbon the color of the game; game pies, meat cakes, salads, hams, tongues, salmon; everything, excepting the bouillon, which is served hot, and champagne and wines, seltzer poured with champagne and handed with claret punch, sherry, and cups of sherbet or other cold drinks. At small evening entertainments, a simple supper might be handed every half hour, cakes and ices, various kinds of punch, biscuits and coffee and tea, and no suppers. If this custom prevailed here, people would not be obliged to go home to bed or find each other than now, when those who go to eat and those who go for pleasures of social intercourse are all thrown together in one grand crush, thereby destroying their rest for the small hours of the morning, regardless of the sleep requisite for health. If, as has already been quoted, this is the age of social reform, may not hope be indulged that the mode of entertaining which will regard the health of our young people. If our men are a "nation of business men," let us have one day set aside for a general holiday, and that day is the introducing of customs that are adapted only to London high life, and then we shall see fewer jaded faces in our counting houses as well as in our parlors, fewer youths sinking to the decline before the period of youth is ended. Sooner or later every human being learns that a life devoted wholly to pleasure is a worthless thing and that a life devoted wholly to gain is essential to the physical and mental health of the individual as some occupation is. Bagehot tells us that business is really more agreeable than pleasure, more full of interest to the whole mind, the aggregate nature of man more continuously and more deeply. But it does not look as if it did. It is difficult to convince a young man, who can have the best of pleasure, that it will. Like Hercules he may choose virtue, but hardly Hercules could choose business. With all due deference to the opinion of Mr. Bagehot, it seems that the world have better stated the case, had he said that only when a man has chosen business or some profession that occupies the greater part of his time, can he have that full enjoyment of pleasure of which he is capable; and not that business is in itself more agreeable than pleasure; but that it furnishes the necessary relish to one for those who live only for self, and enhances one's enjoyment of leisure, giving that keen zest to amusement which renews a man's youth every year.

If our men of leisure devoted as much time to out-of-doors amusements as the English do, there would not be the same need that there is now for the establishment of clubs. The majority of American men must be business men, and our social laws should be made to suit the convenience of the majority instead of confining them to the wives of the drones in our hives of workers. Let our women hold right ideas about business, and in another generation, idle men will disappear. "Les hommes arrent toujours ce qu'ils plaire aux femmes. Si vous voulez qu'ils deviennent grands et vertueux, apprenez aux femmes ce que c'est que grandeur et vertu." Napoleon went so far as to say, "The future destiny of a child is always the work of its mother," and however many there may be who will not willingly admit the truth of this statement, no one will dispute that the mothers are held responsible for the manners of their children. Admitting that this is so, and agreeing with Locke when he says that in nine cases out of ten a man is what his education has made him, what a comment is the conduct of the idle and the ill-bred upon the training that have received in the home circle; and what responsibilities lie in the hands of mothers to ensure them children and the lives of whom they by giving them true ideas of that hackneyed phrase, "the dignity of labor," and early impressing upon them the great truth that idle hours are pestilential things. If manners are the reflex of the mind, good manners may be said to be the fruits of good training and a refined nature combined.

[NOTE.—In our last issue, by a typographical error in the "Home Culture," we made the word "Saxon" read "Saxtons" with dot," as written by Mrs. Ward.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LONG BRANCH.

LONG BRANCH, August 24, 1877.

"Bunco" is an queer game, I've been told. And a hard game to beat the first time you play it, a gentleman told me yesterday. But I know more than one honest man of it. I feel quite positive it never lived long in Philadelphia. The atmosphere of the place is not sufficiently contaminating to the existence of such evil-breathing nonsense. But here it finds a home, and a happy one, and all its forms of its nefarious practice. Three-card monte pioneers. I call it a game. That's a mild way of putting it. It might be better described by a stronger word, but I suppose I must be "Anglo-Saxon" to-day, and I'll do it. I had often heard of it, but have never been made the victim, and never until yesterday knew how it was done. Another day I'll "game."

It happened that yesterday morning I was sitting in the summer-house on the bluff in front of Howland's, and there I met Mr. Runner, of Philadelphia, (at least that is what I will call him.) Now Mr. Runner is an old gentleman and a highly estimable one. If I mistake not he is a merchant, and I'm sure a wealthy one. We were talking about things in general, which I guess we had well nigh exhausted, when suddenly he said:

"Hello, here comes Mr. Rodgers, of Philadelphia. I'll introduce him, and let's see if we can't make him tell us of his little adventure of yesterday. He's sore about it, and he'll have to handle him delicately. "Good morning, sir. I want to introduce a friend. Mr. ——, this is my friend, Mr. ——. We have just been talking about the northern and southern extremes of Long Branch, and as this gentleman is also from "West End," I said that this section is much more desirable to live in than the other. What do you say, Mr. L——?"

"What do I say? Why, I wouldn't live up there for anything. It's a hot-bed of corruption. It takes a wide-awake man to keep afloat there. I walked up that way yesterday for the first time, and came back to my hotel a poorer man by seven hundred dollars. I was standing on the beach in front of the Brunswick, when a gentleman who was also steadily looking man came up to me and said: 'Why, Rodgers, old fellow, how are you?' I heard you were in the branch the other day, but I've been looking for you ever since. I'm right glad to see you. Say, I wasn't particularly glad to see him and at my request he did not Rodgers I told him so. He looked surprised, heaped a few more and pardons, but, he said, he couldn't believe I didn't manager of two theatres in Baltimore, two in Washington, and one in Richmond, baptized at the font of his darling child, and being known to the whole public, even in the role of an authoress, and many of her productions were kept back by him, through the foolish fear that they were not good, when her poetry were so very good, that even his critical eye was compelled to pass them, and the outside world was astonished to learn that the popular theatrical Manager possessed in the person of his daughter, a writer who went on from hill to hill, in spite of us—and—and, when my voice was entirely choked with emotion, the old man sighed and said: 'Ah, Rodgers, old fellow, how are you?' I heard you were in the branch the other day, but I've been looking for you ever since. I'm right glad to see you. Say, I wasn't particularly glad to see him and at my request he did not Rodgers I told him so. He looked surprised, heaped a few more and pardons, but, he said, he couldn't believe I didn't manager of two theatres in Baltimore, two in Washington, and one in Richmond, baptized at the font of his darling child, and being known to the whole public, even in the role of an authoress, and many of her productions were kept back by him, through the foolish fear that they were not good, when her poetry were so very good, that even his critical eye was compelled to pass them, and the outside world was astonished to learn that the popular theatrical Manager possessed in the person of his daughter. [Tears went on again, and

MATTERS GRATE AND GAY FROM ALL QUARTERS.

A DISSERTATION.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

The sea gives her shelters the shingle,
The earth gives her stones to the sea;
The earth and the sea are single
For me, but not single for me.
My mistress is mine on the grey land,
Let the wind take the sea and the sky;
One hand on her breast and my hand
Takes rose leaf and vine-leaf and bay-leaf
Blown from where Love's altars lie.

The night shakes them round me in legions;
I have driven them hither like sorcery
Twice three-and-twenty
Twice three-and-twenty
Dead fronts of the fugitive years:
Some crowned with wine and sandalwood,
And some as with tears.

A Bride From the Sea.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SIN OF A LIFE-TIME," "REDEEMED BY LOVE," "DORA THORNE," "WON BY HER NAME ONLY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.

An hour afterwards, just as the sun began to set, and the water was all crimson and gold, we came to the island.

"I hope there are no savages on it," said Atkinson. "Many of these tropical islands are uninhabited, and some belong to savage tribes. We must be watchful."

The wind brought to us the perfume of flowers, and I thought of Laurie Stuart, who loved them so well. I must do my best to find her. The boat came to the island between two of the ocean. I would not linger on the island—I would set out on the raft again, and lose my life looking for her. What an island it was! Only tropical islands are so fertile and flowery. We saw great feathery palm-trees, huge cocoa-nut trees, date trees; and when at last we landed, such a wilderness of flowers was spread before us as mortal eyes seldom beheld—flowers of rarities beauty, of brilliant hue and rich perfume. It was sweet to set one's foot on the thick soft grass, to hear the singing of the birds, to watch their bright plumage as they flew from tree to tree. I lay down exhausted, and the first mate, who was a giant of a man, climbed one of the trees to gather some fruit. He came down quickly, with a look of great excitement in his face.

"We are not alone, Sir Gordon!" he said. "There are other people on the island; I could see them from the top of the tree!"

A will and hope seized me. Could the boat have landed here? Were its occupants saved? I could not speak, but he knew by instinct what I meant.

"I do not believe it, Sir Gordon," he said; "but I will soon see."

"I will go with you," I cried. Strength came to me with the hope. I forgot the faintness, the exhaustion, and remembered only that it was possible Laurie might be on the island.

"Where did you see them?" I asked, and he pointed with his hand. That instant we set off.

The island on which Providence in mercy had given us a refuge was about four miles broad. It was covered with vegetation—trees, flowers, shrubs, grass, and I thought in my life never saw so earthly Paradise than a desolate island. We walked through such a profusion of blossoms and flowers as one sees only in the Tropics.

And, when we had walked half a mile, we saw a group of women sitting under the shade of a large cocoanut tree. I looked again and again, hardly able to breathe from suspense, longing to see the form of Laurie there, and at last, as we drew near to them, I saw her. I fell on my knees in the fragrant grass, and thanked Heaven. A few minutes later they saw us hastening towards them, and they rose with a cry of joy; they flocked around us, weeping, sobbing. But I saw only one; my eyes were riveted on the one face, that, almost unknown to me, made my heaven on earth. I saw only the dark eyes and golden hair of Laurie Stuart. I held out my hand to her—I spoke to her. I could have knelt at her feet and kissed the hem of her garment; I was mad with delight.

"You are saved," I said, at last.

The little white trembling hands clung to me closely.

"Saved from the sea," she replied, "the cruel, hungry sea."

Then I looked round. Mrs. Vann was there, and four of the younger ladies, but not Mrs. Chaplin.

"Where is Mrs. Chaplin?" I asked eagerly.

There was a momentary silence, and then Laurie, looking at me with sweet, sad eyes, said:

"When the morning dawned she was dead—and she must have died with a smile on her face. I am quite sure that her dream came true—that she saw her children waiting for her in the skies."

"And she is buried in the sea!" I said sadly. I had missed the noble woman, and was grieved to the very heart by her death.

Then we sat down under the cocoanut trees. A flower, all crimson and gold, like the gladiolus, grew near us, and filled the air with richest perfume.

The sun had set, but the waters were still crimsoned with its fire. I noticed then and often afterwards that the ocean Heart never sat with her face turned to the sea. The glory of the crimsoned waters was all lost to her. We sat and talked of the horror we had passed through, of the terrible ending to a previously prosperous voyage. For ourselves we had no great fear; we hoped that a vessel sailing by would see us.

Then, one by one, we owned to feeling hungry. The bottle of brandy was put by for use in case of illness. The bag of provisions which we had not touched on the raft and the larger one from the boat were examined, and it was agreed that we should sup. Will Atkinson gathered some of the fruit which abounded on the island; our table was the long fragrant grass; and ever people were grateful to Heaven, we were.

Then over the fragrant flowers and the sweet-smelling earth the veil of night fell. Will Atkinson made a very large bonfire of wood. It was that we should drag the raft on shore, and, bending the great boughs of the trees so as to form a shelter, make a kind of hut for the ladies. Then we sat down to watch the full silver moon as she sailed through the sky, while all the men worked hard at the hut. It was finished in less than an hour, but it was of the very simplest kind, delicate women lying beneath such a shelter.

Begging yet half an hour's grace, we hastened to some little distance and gathered huge bundles of fragrant grass. We placed them in the hut, and saw the tired, worn-looking women pass into it, and felt that for a time at least they were safe. We agreed not to go far from them. There were four men—the two officers who had been in charge of the boat, the chief mate, Will Atkinson, and myself.

The long bright night passed. There was no sound from the hut. The ladies were doubtless tired out, and slept soundly on the soft, fragrant grass. Before sunrise Will Atkinson was up and at work. I was surprised when I saw what he had done. The wood was dragged ashore, and placed under the great drooping boughs of a huge tree which covered it like a tent. There was to be a fishing and cooking party for the ladies. He had gathered a wonderful store of cocoa-nuts, and, having emptied the shells, had formed them into drinking-cups. There were bold cocoanut nuts, and near each was placed a banana. There were two enormous heaps of dates and wild fruits as well—not a bad breakfast for shipwrecked people. Then he found a spring of running water, and there the ladies made their toilet. Laurie Stuart came from it with her face all glowing and her golden hair falling over her shoulders. The ladies, when they all broke fast together, the mellow sitting outside the boat.

After breakfast a committee of ways and means was appointed. Will Atkinson undertook to provide me at regular hours with such food as he could find. He said he could snare and cook birds; he also thought he might catch some fish. One of the ladies—Miss Suiter—undertook the general management of what she knew we should have called the household.

With the help of a white shawl, which one of the ladies had with her, I made a flag and fastened it to the top of one of the tallest trees, in the firm hope that some passing vessel would see it and come to our rescue. The sunlit ocean lay before us, a mass of brilliant flowers and leaves, unbroken as far as we were safe and well, though dreadfully depressed; it remained for us to get through the time as well as we could until we were rescued. I was now to find that a widower may be a coward in one particular respect, yet a noble woman for all that.

Laurie Stuart was frightened beyond all measure and reason at the sea, yet no one could have been braver or nobler under our present trying conditions. She was the life of the others—her patience with poor Mrs. Vann was unbounded. She talked to her. She did what no one else ever attempted to do—she reasoned with her, she waited upon her, and in the end Mrs. Vann grew warmly attached to her. She brought some kind of order into our lives. From the hut we heard every morning a hymn being sung in the clear, sweet voice. She would have nothing but cheerful conversation during what we called our breakfast. Afterwards she made us walk round the island by way of taking exercise. Later on we all met for our dinner of biscuit, wild fruit, and spring water; and then we sat in the shade and talked until the sun set. It was a touching picture to see the ladies kneel down on board the ship, a terrible death kneel down when night came and say over again the prayers they had learned at their mothers' knee. If we were not tired, Laurie would sing to us, and this never rose, old home songs that brought tears to our eyes. Who could believe that the frightened, nervous woman, whose face had grown pale at every unusual sound on board the ship would have proved so noble, so brave, so full of resources? She had not overcome her dread of the sea, for once as we turned down a grassy slope that led to the water she caught my hand.

"Not there, not there!" she cried—"it leads to the treacherous sea!"

CHAPTER XI

How am I to tell what happened next! Life, love and death go hand in hand in this world—nothing separates them for very long. I am almost ashamed to say that while Mrs. Vann counted the hours in untold anguish, while Miss Suiter puzzled herself about our meals until she grew quite thin, I dreaded to be rescued—dreaded the hour which should put a stop to our strange life—dreaded the day in which I should be parted from Laurie Stuart. We had no real comfort, we never had enough to eat, we were in danger all day long, and yet I was happy. Short quick showers came sometimes, and during their continuance we crouched under the shelter of the trees, but afterwards the sun shone out warm and bright. Flowers grew every day, new buds blossomed, new fruits ripened; the lovely tropical Summer was at its height. Every morning, when Laurie Stuart came to me, I thought my heart would stand still. Life on this flowery island with her was ten thousand times better than life in a palace without her. For by this time I had learned to love her with a passionate love—a love great, deep, and wide as the sea which surrounded us—a love that began in time only to end with eternity. That was the light that lay on land and sea—that was what made the flowers so fair. I loved her, and there was no barrier between us.

Let me do myself justice. Of all sins in the world I detest a wronged love most; rather than yield to one thought of love that could not be blessed by Heaven and man, I would tear my heart from my breast, if I could, and trample it under foot. Never while her pure hand lived did I in thought own to myself that I loved Laurie Stuart; but now that there was no shadow between us I acknowledged to myself that I loved her with an absorbing love and longed to make her my wife.

She almost drove me wild with her sweet coy ways. At first, and for many long days after we landed, she was wholly affectionate and kind to me. She treated me just as though I had been her brother—consulted me in her little difficulties, sought my advice on all occasions. If we sighted a sail in the far distance she would hold out her soft white hand to me without a scruple; or she would sit by my side while she sang or talked—all with the sweetest simplicity and candor, looking without fear into my face while she spoke, giving me a pressure of her hand and kindly regard which was not yet what I wanted from her. All this ought to be changed.

One evening the western wind was unwontedly soft and fragrant, bringing to us the whispers of the leaves, the murmur of the waves, the joyous singing of the birds, and Laurie sat with her face turned from me, and golden ocean. Some one asked her to sing, and with her usual grace, she sung song after song. To my fancy it seemed that the whispering wind and the murmur of the waves accompanied her voice.

"Sing my favorite," whispered Laurie at last in simplicity she began "Annie Laurie." At first with a smile on her lips which soon faded, and then with a confused troubled expression in her eyes, the latter drooping until the white lids covered them. The calmness of the fair face was all gone. I watched the effect until delight the delicate flush mount even to the golden hair.

"I cannot sing any more," she said hurriedly, "I am tired." And from that hour, all was changed between us.

I met her once as she was going with some little delicacy to Mrs. Vann. Her fair face flushed from the sight of me, her eyes fell, and she hurried on with a half-murmured word. I stopped her and tried to take one of the white hands in mine. She drew it hastily away. She avoided me. Then I knew by the coyness that made me love her more madly than ever. She no longer came, with her frank eyes upraised to mine, to ask my advice. I could never find her alone. I had no chance, although we were on this lonely island, of saying one word to her. And I loved her with a love passing human belief. Only once did she deign to evince any particular interest in me, and that was one day when, after what we had deemed a regal banquet of game and wild fruit, we began as usual to talk about the ill-fated Water-Queen.

"Sir Gordon," said Mrs. Vann suddenly, "why were you going to India?"

A swift glance from the dark eloquent eyes told me that Laurie too would like to hear the answer; so, making the most of the opportunity, I went and sat down by Mrs. Vann's side. Laurie pretended to be busy with some pieces of fruit she was arranging.

"You tell me," said Mrs. Vann, "what was taking you, Sir Gordon, a man of fortune and position, to India?"

I looked up at her with a laughing face.

"I will tell you. I am sorry there is no romance about it, but when I was a boy I loved Laurie and used to tease her. As soon as I became what you kindly call a man of fortune, I resolved to gratify my desire to see it. I tried to do so, and, as you know, have failed."

"Then it was merely love of travel that led you from home?" she said.

"That was all—the spirit of unrest which makes men wander hither and thither without knowing why."

I was talking to Laurie Stuart, although I was speaking to Mrs. Vann; and I knew by the subtle instinct of love that every word I uttered was for her.

"Tell me about Egremont, your home. I see it is the loveliest place in England," said Mrs. Vann; "tell me what it is like."

"It is like a romance in stone. It was built I cannot tell you how many years ago. There are the remains of an old tower and keep; there are tall ancestral trees and wide managed, some of them covered with ivy; there are great oriel windows, and an entrance hall that one seldom sees nowadays."

"Tell me more," said Mrs. Vann.

Laurie's dark eyes were raised a little, and I read in them an earnest wish that I should go on.

"There is a room in the Castle called Queen Mary's room, and a legend tells how the beautiful queen visited Egremont in the days of her beauty and power. A deep oriel window is in the room, and the story runs that Marie Stuart folded her arms and looked at the lovely woodland scene, the gardens and terraces, the fountains and flowers, and then, turning to Mary Seaton, said, 'If I were not Queen of Scotland, I would be mistress of Egremont.'"

"How very nice!" sighed Mrs. Vann; while Laurie looked at me, forgetting all consciousness in her pleasure.

"Is that true, Sir Gordon?" she asked.

"Astrue as most legends. Never I have the honor of showing you the room. I will show you the window from which she looked, and the exact spot on which she stood."

"It must be a splendid place," said Mrs. Vann. "I should like to see it."

"If we ever reach England, I shall be delighted to show it to you," I replied.

"Sir Gordon, pray excuse me," said the irrepressible Mrs. Vann, "but I should have thought it more natural and you turned your attention to getting married, instead of going abroad."

I laughed. The sweet young face so near me flushed and became embarrassed again.

"The one thing needful was wanting," I replied. "I had really seen no one to love—then at least."

"And have you seen such a one since?" she asked.

"Pardon me, that is my secret. I can only say how very gladly I would think of anything of the kind now, if it were to my taste."

"I will not," I heard Mrs Vann say confidentially to Laura Stuart, "I do believe that Sir Gordon is in love with the youngest Miss Suiter. What a match it will be for her."

But Laura knew better than that.

CHAPTER XII.

It was like trying to lure a beautiful wild bird. At times I thought I had secured Laurie, that she, who was far away yet, and the thought of it made my heart warm. She knew that I loved her. If it were not so, why did she avoid me? Why had the bright sweet candor given place to coy avoidance? Did she care for me? That question puzzled me. I ventured to hope so, but I had no proof of it.

Her beautiful face might have flushed for others. She might have dyed the purple banana as saw how much I cared for her. When I took that view of the matter, the very light seemed to die from the face of the sun, all the beauty from the flowers, and I longed to die. The whole world became a dull, dreary, hopeless blank. Hope would come then with a smiling face and bid me not despair. It shows how accurately I estimated her character when I say that I never dreamed that my title or fortune would have any charm for her. I never even imagined it. My only wonder was whether she could ever learn to love me.

We had been on the island more than a month now, and Will Atkinson began to despair. The biscuits were almost exhausted, the ladies looked ill, and as yet we had no hope of being rescued. The island must have lain far from the usual course of ships, for none had come in sight.

"We shall have to die here," said Miss Suiter to me one day; and my first thought was that I would sooner die with Laurie Stuart than live without her, her grace, her beauty, her cheerfulness under all privation endeared her so to me.

I found, as time went on, that she had by nature a light, gay, happy heart, a fund of wit and keen appreciation of humor. She must have been terribly unhappy on board the Water-Queen to hide her natural character so completely. The first time that her sweet silvery, musical laugh rang out on the smiling air I was amazed. I had thought that I had always seen under the influence of a great fear, unhappy, silent, terrified, to laugh like a light-hearted child!

One day, and days on board the Water-Queen we never spoke. We talked of the vessel, the passengers, of the Captain as the ship's master, but of him as Laurie's husband we made no mention—her fear and her misery we never discussed. She was far happier on this solitary tropical island than she was on board the ship, surrounded by every comfort—happier and stronger; she had a color like the leaf of a rose, her eyes were bright as stars and clear as crystal, her mouth was fresh and red as a pomegranate bud. She grew lovelier with every day that passed, and I—I knew and was happy—I knew it from what followed.

One day there was a loud cry of "a sail, a sail!" Will Atkinson and I raised the flag—the white flag of distress—and in the wonder and swift prayerful, tearful eyes, all but Laurie Stuart, who, at the first cry, I noticed, hastened into a thicket of flowering trees. We sent loud, shrill cries over the face of the water, but they did not reach far enough. It was a sultry day, without a breath of wind, and our flag drooped around the tall pole and would not flutter. The ship passed out of sight—one of the women gave went to wailing, bitter cries. I went in search of Laurie. She was standing at the far end of the thicket. As I looked at her, I thought it was the most beautiful face I had dreamed by poet or painter. Her golden hair lay like a veil over her shoulders, her flower-like face was all bright with the rays of the sun, her hands were filled with roses. Then she saw me a vivid flush spread over her face and the roses fell at her feet. Then she recovered herself and came up to me with a half indignant look.

"Have they seen us? Are they coming?" she inquired.

"No," I replied; "we could not attract their attention."

To my wonder, surprise and joy, instead of doing as the others did, shedding despairing tears, she smiled—smiled with a beautiful flush that drove me almost mad with delight.

"You are not sorry," I said; "I believe, on my word, that you are glad. Oh, Laurie, you are glad!"

I rushed forward, meaning to clasp the sweet white hands in my own and hold them fast, but, swift as a lapwing, she fled from me, and could not tell whither she had vanished. But her blush, her smile, were enough to fire me. The other ladies were weeping and uttering heart-breaking cries. Why should she wish to remain on this solitary island, unless some one that she cared very much for was on board also? We did not meet again until what was by courtesy called our dinner-time, and then the dark eyes never met mine—they were riveted from me. That was the saddest hour our party spent; the ladies were so depressed, they had felt so sure of a rescue, and the disappointment was so intense.

"I would rather be without hope than have hope followed by such black despair," said Miss Suiter.

I happened at that moment to meet the dark eyes of my love, and they said that this island, so terrible to others, was Paradise to her.

Upon what might, I resolved to speak to Laurie that night and not to delay—she must know. Where should I find her? She had taken refuge with Mrs. Vann, of course.

Yes, there I found her, talking to the poor lady, who was comforting her as she sobbed and who even now and then dropped a tear at the memory of her husband. I may be pardoned a subterfuge; when a man's heart is on fire, he does not stop to think of his words.

I told Laurie that I had found some white blossoms and golden fruit at the other side of the island, and that I wanted her to go with me and see them. She refused; she was tired, and wanted to remain with Mrs. Vann. But that lady looked severely at her.

"Go, my dear, when Sir Gordon asks you; she knows that you are in this dreadful place is to oblige each other."

I saw that she would fain have refused if she had dared, but the habit of obedience was strong upon her. She rose in silence, saying gravely:

"I will accompany you, Sir Gordon, if you wish; but I must not be long gone."

"There was little preparation for a walk in those days; there were neither bonnets, hats, shawls, nor coats. A most wretched company we appeared—all but my darling; she was always fair. I never knew whether her dress was of silk or linen, but I did know that she wore it with the grace of a queen. When the sun was very warm she made head coverings of green leaves for us. After walking some time Laurie stopped.

"I do not see the white blossoms or the golden fruit, Sir Gordon. Where are they?"

"Laurie, Laurie, do not be so cruel; you must know well that I love you—that I have sought you—how I have been longing to speak to you." She walked on quickly in utter silence, with a flushed face and downcast eyes. "Why should it seem unnatural to you? What have I done that you should refuse to look at me or speak to me?"

"I do look at you," she replied timidly.

"No, you do not. You look at the waves and the trees, at the sky and the grass, at the faces of your friends—but you never bestow one single glance on me."

"I am quite sure that I do, Sir Gordon," she declared.

Then look at me now, Laurie; just raise your eyes to mine for one moment."

"No, I will not," she replied quickly.

"And why not?" I asked.

"I cannot tell you, Sir Gordon."

I caught her hands in mine. She did not withdraw them, but her head deepened on her face, and she grew deadly pale.

"Laurie," I whispered, "sweetheart, you know that I love you—you must know—give me only one word! I love you so dearly, my darling, that I would die for you."

She stood quite still, the wild flowers blooming around her, a mass of crimson blossoms at her feet, the birds singing over her head, looking, I thought, the loveliest picture that ever love created! I could not help it; bending down, I kissed the sweet face that wore the grave simplicity of a dreaming child. That roused her. She withdrew herself suddenly. Pray, pray.

"Laurie," I cried again, "I love you with all my heart, and I want you to be my wife."

Then for the first time I saw her turn her face to the heaving ocean. Raising her hand, she pointed to it.

"You forget," she said—"you should not utter words of love so soon to me, and so near to you is the treacherous sea!"

"But, Laurie, what can it matter? I do not wish to say one word against him, but he was not kind to you. You did not love him. Forgive me—is it true you never loved him?"

"Yes—I did not love him," she replied, in a low voice, speaking rather to herself than to me. "But he was my husband."

"And you said I, too, darling, will respect his memory. You did not love him. Laurie, I think—I hope you love me a little—you will learn to love me more."

"Never!" she said, trembling with emotion. "I have just escaped death, and he is dead. You should not speak to me of love, Sir Gordon."

"I must, Laurie. I respect your sorrow; but I must speak of my love to you now. I must tell you that I love you with all my heart—that I trust in time you will be my wife—that I ask nothing better than to live for you. You will not spurn the humble love I offer you."

She whispered "No," but it was the faintest whisper that ever had a sound.

"I shall say no more about it just now, if you will, and you must not, Laurie—that is, when the year which custom prescribes for mourning is over, will you promise to be my wife?"

She was silent for a few minutes, with a look of deep thought on her fair young face; then a bright blush came. I had never seen before came over it, and she said:

"Yes, I promise, Sir Gordon."

I fell on my knees in the long sweet grass and kissed her hand.

"My queen, I swear allegiance to you forever! I will live you much, my heart aches to heal! I will stand between you and all sorrow, between you and all fear. You shall be the queen of my life. Oh, Laurie, Laurie, how I love you!"

"Not another word," she said, laying her white fingers on my lips. "Even the little birds in the air will know our secret if you tell it in that loud voice."

I rose and begged one kiss—it was not much to live upon for a whole year—but she would not give it to me. Perhaps she was right.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Children's Books.

From the London Examiner.

One great fault of children's books, as a class, is that they are not natural enough. Heroes and heroines not yet in their teens run their important careers; they are martyrs, benefactors, geniuses, and generally superior beings shining forth at least in a blaze of recognized virtue—or, perhaps, they are always basking in their avocries with the help of a surreptitious crib, and bully their immaculate school-fellow—but at all events they are perfect.

Little boys and girls ought not to regard themselves as these stories teach them to do, as possible models—they are not—but they will be playing their own characters, and, as it were, watching their own reflection. They should be left to the happy humility of unspoiled children who do not discover that they are worth thinking about, and who are content with their visionary promotion to "when I am grown up." Mrs. Browning's little Ellie' moaning her baby remembrance of by-and-by, with its knight-errant on the red roan steed coming to be her lover, and the sweet, unenlightened secret of the swan's nest among the reeds, is, although most of the children's bookmakers would think the lower no improper idea, to a wholesome and guileless state of imagination very different from that fostered in children whose fancies have been mastered within the narrow regions of a children's world as presented by the novelists of the nursery.

Little Ellie, if she had been one of the fortunate children of the present day, with a library of her own, would have been picturing herself as the last sweet little girl she read about in the last sweet little book, with every body admiring her for being so good, and so forbearing to her cross mamma, and not knowing how pretty she was and almost dying. And little Ellie, instead of shaking off this idealization of her small self, and going about her play and her tasks to her natural insignificance, as we may be sure she did after her knight, errant story, would have carried it with her, and, under an abiding sense of sweet little-priggishness, would have fallen into doing her gentlest and modestly self consciously. Richard, he could smile, and smile, and murder while he smiled. Mrs. Jamieson asks "Whoever knew a Hamlet in real life?" And, as an answer to the conduct to Ophelia, a writer in Blackwood's Magazine says: "There is nothing in Ophelia which should make her the object of the brutal passion to which the majesty of spirit in Hamlet." A poor justification for seduction!

It may be considered hypercritician to select any one character from a play, and analyze it to the extent we have; but such a diversity of opinion exists in relation to that of Hamlet, that we may be excused if in the review we adhere to the text, and not to the opinions of others. We could excuse much of Hamlet's conduct were we to adopt M. Villeman's theory that Hamlet was insane, and that all his acts were the "result of lunacy," but as Hamlet assures us that he simply puts an antic disposition on for a purpose, and takes his word that his insanity is assumed. He tells his mother "it is not madness." It is but simple justice, the learned Dr. Hudson's theory that all mankind are insane—for he says, "I have never known any human being sane enough to be entirely trusted," can be used in Hamlet's case. Perhaps the learned Doctor misconstrued the Latin phrase: "Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sanus est." (No man is wise at all times.)

The idea advanced that Hamlet's actions indicate weakness, imbecility, consequent of idle suggestive thoughts of suicide, the abrupt departure, the hesitancy, the delay, the resorceful levity, the instability of purpose, like that of Macbeth, without its courage and determination, the wandering mind, so strong, nevertheless, to hold, when necessary, self-advice, is beyond question a just one, and as one of which is assumed we may sent up the attacker and defender, but the "weight of judgment have endeavored to account for Hamlet's conduct upon the ground of the disturbance of his mental faculties, and that his apparent thought, which renders him so unlike one paramount thought, which renders him so unlike and worthless all that formerly occupied his mind." Reppose what we may, what we do does it prove? Simply that Hamlet was weak, very weak. If a great inferno him that his mother was murdered, and that by his uncle's sword, there is certainly nothing justify the extravagant action of Hamlet following this declaration. A sensible man, more particularly in an age and of a court requiring no jury to bring in a verdict of "justifiable homicide," would have acted on the instant assumed the murderer and dared him to do's. Hamlet's conduct, which Dr. Hudson adopts a sinuous course of action, as unnatural, Childcott and Edmund Kean maintained this theory, that Hamlet's overwhelming grief for his father's death was the sole cause of the alteration of his brutal conduct to Ophelia, they seem to have no sympathy for the poor maiden, the victim of this "overwhelming grief." But this theory is not supported by a single line of the play. Nay, more—Hamlet's grief is the great subject of soliloquy, date anterior to the ghost's revelation!

We can see no reason why Hamlet should in fact upon Ophelia any portion of that punishment he intended for others; indeed, he had more consideration for the poor thing, who was grossly wronged him, than he had for the gentle Ophelia, whose only offence was her unbounded love. Having had the "assurance" of the Ghost, which, if its word was to be taken, was "more than consideration," of Gold on murder, there was but one course for Hamlet to pursue, and that was to revenge his father's death. It is true, his mission from the spirit—evidence would scarcely be sufficient to convict, but personally and morally he himself was satisfied of the truth of the story. The murder of life and death between them, and how does Hamlet take up the quarrel? He pretends procrastination, and with the most outrageous fatality, he is on the eve of committing the crime of which the victim is at peace! Now that he should have even meditated the act at such a moment, as we have no evidence that he had that period in his mind, but the loss of killing the King. What he proposed to do, after driving Ophelia to death, and testify ing his mother, and killing Polonius, we have not the most distant idea. Even after the play have been no display of Hamlet's mental or sentimental and mental evidence, he is disposed to quit Denmark, and go to England without revenging his father's death, or his own unnatural murder." We have alluded to the prayer scene, (Act 3, scene 3,) where Hamlet has an opportunity, when there is not so much a chance of "going to Heaven."

"Now might I do it pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do't, and so he goes to heaven;
And so am I revenged."

He repents, however, and determines to take another opportunity, when there is not so much a chance of "going to Heaven."

"When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage;
At gaming, swearing, or about some act
That has no relish or salvation in't."

But this he does not do. The fact is, Hamlet is a braggart.

To my Hamlet simply vacillates, is to acknowledge a mental defect, which is by no means sustained by the text. With the most deliberate coolness he woos Ophelia, wins her to his supposed love, and then, without a motive, whistles her down the wind to prey at fortune. Startled, astounded, like an alarmed fawn she flies him, and as we have stated, that of a broken heart, under the erroneous impression that he is mad! It is here the depravity of Hamlet's nature is most alluded to in the scene between Hamlet and Ophelia, where he questions her honesty, and as abruptly tells her he loved her not. In the latter assertion presents itself had Hamlet seduced Ophelia? If so take the base and unmanly course of her mad scene, as those flashes of truth coming up through a troubled brain, we should say he had. It only goes to prove that the fact that Hamlet was not simply of a depraved nature, but a wild reckless libertine. Ophelia, in her distracting snatches of song, tells the innocent to her own case, for she says: "Lord we know not what we are, but know not what we may be."

The reader is referred to the text in Hamlet, which, in the play of the interview with Ophelia, refers to the outrageous conduct of Hamlet, and which we deem unfit for publication in a moral work.

There is something so plaintive and melancholy in this, that we are not at all surprised at Hamlet making it the basis of an insurrection. Hamlet does not regret or grieve over the false hearted girl, but he does over his mother, who married in London at the Yuew Inne des virtuers, by the Lord Cardinal, and in less than a month is dead having approached him, and having touched him with her hand, she put into his mind a deed, and strikes the intruder violently on the head, he was unrecognized as a king, and who had no power to fix the measure of the Romans. Mr. Charbrand, who delivered the lecture in the Royal Academy, but has great facility and imagination. Mr Fuseli took the same view of the character of Hamlet's insanity, as his picture neither admires for composition, color, or drawing. Such seems to happen in the best regulated Institutes.

FROM THE FRENCH CAPITAL

PARIS, Aug. 16, 1877.

"THE PARIS CONSERVATOIRE."

This institution was founded in 1796, under the name of the Royal School of Singing and Declamation for the gratuitous instruction of young persons of both sexes in singing, music, and declamation, and to furnish the theatres of Paris with singers and actors. Napoleon I. changed its name to that of the Imperial School of Singing and Declamation, suppressed by the Republic. The Conservatoire was closed in 1815, but was reopened by Louis XVIII. in 1816, under the name of the Royal School.

It received its present name in 1831, and was placed under the direction of M. Auber, in 1842, and has for its president the celebrated composer Mr. Ambroise Thomas. Music in all its branches is taught here, and pupils are admitted to the highest branches of acting and declamation are also taught there. It is very difficult to gain admission to the Conservatoire, and a preliminary examination is necessary before the candidates can gain an entrance, and among 200 aspirants to one year only 30 are admitted. The pupils are lodged and boarded at the Conservatoire, and receive a pension of 1,000 francs for the Grand Prix de Rome for musical composition, and a pension of 1,500 francs yearly for five years, which they are bound to study in Italy and Germany. A first prize is awarded to the pupil who has overcome all difficulties to overcome. In a great degree all the examinations which he or she are up to are conducted in public, and the competitors are judged by the votes of the professors of the Institute. Each of this Board is allowed to vote for one candidate only, and cannot be two fairly appointed. As in regard to the great artistic advantage it seems to me, and I am sure with the approbation of the Institute itself.

"L'HOMME NE BRAVE AUSSI."

This school, under the control of the immediate Prime Minister, is for the instruction of pupils in architecture. Annual prizes are distributed, and the first prize also entitles the successful candidate to study at Rome at the expense of the State.

THE "PRIX DE ROME."

This year's competition was awarded to M. Chartraud, a young man of remarkable facility for composition and drawing from memory, as the "Concours" at the French school of Rome is called, is open to competitors, (only nine this year, as one of them, suddenly insanely chosen, did not feel equal to the effort,) and the subject is given out at 6 o'clock in the morning, and they are allowed to take models and gain all the information necessary for the work in the course of their picture. They are also allowed to work from memory, but at the end of the time the pictures must be finished at the same time, two days after they are sent in, and the competitors being shut up in separate rooms. The judgment after the pictures have been examined by the jury. At the end of three days at the Beaux arts is made by the painters of the Institute, and the award of course is the most just, but after that all the members of the Institute rule, musicians, sculptors, architects, as well as painters, give their votes for the best painting; consequently the one elected by this majority is the best picture, and not by the jury selecting. Sometimes, for instance the year before last no one received the first prize, the jury giving no decision, and the majority of the Institute not any dissenting voice, and the result was that the chosen one is sent to Rome for five years with a pension of 3,000 francs per annum. The subject for this "concours de Rome" is drawn from the life

of the taking of Rome by the Gauls. The old Roman senate in full session in Rome. The Gauls enter the abode of Publius Papinius, who is seated on his seat of justice holding his wand. Their entrance has caused a great deal of different. One is dead having approached him, and having touched him with his wand. Papinius struck the intruder violently on the head, he was unrecognized as a king, and who had no power to fix the measure of the Romans. Mr. Charbrand, who delivered the lecture in the Royal Academy, but has great facility and imagination. Mr Fuseli took the same view of the character of Hamlet's insanity, as his picture neither admires for composition, color, or drawing. Such seems to happen in the best regulated Institutes.

SOCIAL SHAVE

Pronounced yesterday the legal separation of the Marquis de Caux, at once of the ex Empress Eugenie, and the Duchess de Caux, who for one have had enough of one another and each in the future will be entitled to marry. They were married in London at the Yuew Inne des virtuers, by the Lord Cardinal, and in less than a month is dead can be granted there. It is useless to enter into detail to regard the forty thousand mothers by the respective parties as all that has been freely discussed by the press. The case will be of course to all the points, I cannot but impress myself with the fact that the whole of the facts of the complaints alleged to the Marquise were but the plain, rumpless, plain up to the present time, as she did all in her powers to force him the marquis to leave her, and finally, on the 14th of May, proceeds to apply for a legal separation is without fault. And I cannot but impress myself with the fact, for the date of her application to the court for a divorce is just one day after the date of the unbreak took place on the 14th of February at the house of the Marquis de Caux, when he struck her mask and where she feigned being struck by him.

The Marquis de Caux has behaved throughout in the most honorable manner and has been both to express one word of complaint. He could also attached him in such a manner when patience and silence could not be expected, and when he was subsequently subjected to the most outrageous and unheard of conduct and cannot being drawn up in regard to her conduct. He has also written with it a separation of this world's goods therefore the Marquis will receive 100 000 francs, and the Duchess nearly 1 000 000 francs, Marquis Adolphe Paul Emile Eugene Gabriel Melchior Bertrand de Caux, Lieutenant of the Empress, Duchess de Caux, Duchess de Caux, Duchess de Caux

I USE!
SO CERTAINLY RECOMMEND WHITMAN.

For Love's Sake Only.

By the Author of "Her Own Doubt," "How Nellie Lied to Her Cousin," "Katherine's Friends," &c. &c.

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CHAPTER XVI.

Mr. Jayne comes in the afternoon too. Some good and pleasure are having a comfortably in the drawing-room, where he makes his appearance, greatly to the chagrin of both.

"Glad to see you, Jaynie. What fine Spring weather we are having! It is a long time since I've had the pleasure of meeting Miss Carlisle. We look blooming, blooming!"

And Mr. Jayne stands up prim and stiff, and takes his cup of tea with anything but the air of one to whom it is a delight.

Rosamond hates Mr. Jayne. But he still pays her most marked attention whenever they meet, greatly to Miss Lynn's amusement. Not on account of Rosamond, however, she dotes the man too much, partly because he has been Clyde Despard's enemy.

"I have heard a strange report in the village," Mr. Jayne says, in a mysterious whisper. "Pinnor Lynn has been obliged to leave the room, in answer to a summons from Lady Katherine, and Hugh has taken her place—a very strange report. Seems men who were at College with you know the cutting they were giving across the road about Christmas, and a man who used to watch it at night, but this one should fall in—swear that they saw your figure in the window at eleven or twelve o'clock by the light of the moon!"

"Mr. Lynn is the village!" Hugh echoes, surprised.

"Yes; both were wrong to it. He passed them as they were sitting under the hedge, with a modern sidling, and the voice of the man spoke him distinctly. He wore a great-coat, and had his hands in his pockets.

"Did they speak to him?" asks Hugh.

"They did not. He did not answer. He appeared to wish them not to see him, for he kept in the shadow as much as possible."

"What he going toward the village?" inquires the clergyman.

"No, up from the village," says Mr. Jayne. "They supposed he left the road just above where they were sitting to take the short cut through the wood."

"Then," Hugh observes, very gravely, "that would account for the double row of footprints from the stubby window."

"Certainly it would, if the men are to be believed. They all stick to the same story very exactly, at all events."

"But was Lynn absent from the smoking-room long enough to have been to the village and back?" asks Hugh.

"One would scarcely think so," replies Mr. Jayne; "yet, if what those men say is true, he must have been. But I cannot think what he could have been doing in the village at that hour of the night."

It certainly is a puzzling question. No one present is able to solve it. But Mr. Jayne makes a still more startling revelation presently. Lowering his voice still more and glancing apprehensively at the door, he says:

"I wouldn't have the family hear it for the world, but I hear a most strange rumor in the village, which I cannot, of course, credit for a moment, nor will you. But an old woman who nurses sick people in the village you know her, Mrs. Cuthbert—told Sally Dunn—says that she was looking out of the window at about three o'clock in the morning, and saw Mr. Lynn walk by as plainly as she saw the pump in the middle of the Green. It was scarcely light, but she says she could not be mistaken. He was walking very fast, and never turned his head to the right or left. She was sitting up with one of the neighbors who was ill."

"But she could not possibly recognize Saxon Lynn," Hugh asserts positively. "She says she saw him at three o'clock, and we all know that the poor fellow was dead at one."

"Yet she does say that she saw him, and maintains it, too. The rumor has quite gained ground in the village. Every one knows all about it this long time, it seems, but it came to my ears only quite lately. It is a very strange story."

"But how do they account for the impossibility?"

"Oh, of course, they think Sally Dunn has none but Lynn's ghost! They all think that. That is why I don't want them to hear a rumor of it here. It would be unpleasant for them."

"Very unpleasant," Rosamond agrees, with a little curl of her lip.

"Most likely the old woman was drunk," says Hugh, who is very cynical in the matter of ghosts.

"She may have been; it would not have been the first time," Mr. Jayne allows, sipping his tea and looking down at his gaiters. "But it is odd, all the same. Why should she say she saw Lynn, as likewise, when so many have died in the village of late?"

"Oh, poor Lynn's death was so startling!" says Hugh. "It would naturally be the most difficult to make an impression on her ambitious. Rosamond not pay much attention to my conversation made by Sally Dunn."

"Well, no! I. But what do you say to the story of the two men?" asks the lawyer.

"That it is utterly ridiculous," Miss Hugh; "but even that will not hear the clam as incredible, if Lynn wishes to conceal him. If only to be proved that he was not in the house."

"But they and Paul Hesrick, your own servant, say Mr. Jayne.

"Probably which Mr. Hesrick is to be depended on, I cannot say," Hugh answers, coldly. "If he is, he would call a falsehood, and at this moment Miss Lynn came back into the room. Soon afterward, as Mr. Jayne showed no signs of taking his departure, Rosamond bade her cousin good-by, and Mr. Carlisle prepares to accompany his sister. Then Mr. Jayne also stands up to go, to Rosamond's disgust.

"I will walk a little way with you, Miss Carlisle, if you will allow me the honor," he says, putting on his gloves in a great hurry; the weather is so agreeable, and the face of nature looks so charming at this time of the year. I should quite enjoy walking a little way with you."

Hugh is very much inclined to tell him that they can dispense with his company, but in his capacity of clergyman he feels that he must be on the side of peace; so they depart together. Rosamond studiously keeping at that side of Hugh whom Mr. Jayne is not, and scarcely answering him with common civility when he addresses her.

She feels instinctively that this smooth attorney will work her mischief yet, though in what manner she cannot, of course, imagine. She knows how he hates her lover, and she guesses that she will have him more than ever when he discovers that she does not hate him. She does not know that he is already in possession of her secret.

But Mr. Jayne leaves them at last, though not till they reach the Parsonage door. So Rosamond is balked of the talk with Hugh which she intended to have, at a moonlight meeting up for him from the village, before he has even time to eat his dinner, and Mr. Carlisle is obliged to hurry down to the bedside of some old parishioner, who is, or fancies himself, at the point of death.

CHAPTER XVII.

Rosamond waits. She has a nice little dinner arranged for him, and she knows that he has eaten nothing since breakfast. She puts away her own dinner untasted, and retires to wait till he has eaten, for she knows that may be. So she sits over the fire in the gloaming—the days are getting long again now, and it is not quite dark till seven or eight.

At eight Hugh comes back, looking thoroughly worn out. Rosamond puts him into the only easy-chair their little sitting-room affords, places a fresh supply of logs on the fire, and herself brings up dinner, and draws the table close to the hearth. He watches her with a half-pleased, half-weary expression on his face, leaning his head back against the cushion of the chair.

"Will you come out to Northwest America with me, Rosamond?" he asks, smiling, when all her preparations are complete.

"You are not going, Hugh!" she snorts, with a suspicious glance at her dark eyes.

"How do you know that?" he asks, watching her without a change of countenance.

"I know it," she says.

"Then I do not know myself. I think I am going," Hugh reiterates, with rather languid interest in the subject.

"Hugh," his sister says, kneeling down on the rug beside him and putting her arm around his neck, "I have been asked to-day not to let you go."

"By whom?" he inquires, his face still unchanged.

"By you know by whom," she says. "I need not tell you."

"I suppose you mean Frances Lynn," he observes, coldly.

"No, Rosamond. I would not," he says.

"Not if she asked you to stay for her sake?" she asks.

"No," he replies, doggedly.

"But!" Rosamond puts the supposition with a certain tone of triumph—"but if she loved you, Hugh?"

"If she loved me!" he echoes, with the same unmoved astonishment, looking straight before him into the fire.

"Yes," says Rosamond.

"I know she loves me," he asserts.

He makes the assertion gravely, positively, as if he were not troubled with the shadow of a doubt upon the subject.

"Then why—why do you go away?" Rosamond exclaims in astonishment.

"Because the fact that she loves me renders my going away absolutely necessary," says Hugh. "If it had been my own happiness merely, I could have stopped on."

"Didn't why need you be unhappy if you love each other?" Rosamond objects, kneeling up right on the rug, and staring at her brother.

"In that fact lies the whole of our unhappiness," he says.

"But, Hugh, she loves you," persists Rosamond.

"I know it, Rosamond; and that makes it only ten thousand times worse."

"But how, and why?" she asks.

"Because I must hurt her as well as myself," he replies.

"Why must you hurt her?" she asks.

"She has forty thousand pounds," he says.

"Well?"

"And I have nothing."

"But what of that?" she asks, with sublime unconcealment.

"If she had not a penny in the world, or I either, I would marry her to-morrow. As it is, I could die sooner than marry her."

"Hugh, you are a fool!" his sister asserts, indignantly.

Hugh laughs.

"Do you mean to say," she continues, "that you will break her heart and yours for the sake of a mere scruple?"

"If they are to break they will break," he says, "I cannot help it."

"But you are a coward, Hugh. Do you know what I think? I think it is selfish and mean of you—yes, mean—to treat her so, just to indulge your own pride and obstinacy. There!"

"Mean, Rosamond!" Hugh repeats, flushing, angrily.

"Yes, mean—nothing less. Don't you think her feelings ought to be considered first, when she has been such an idiot as to care for you? Any one is idiot who cares for you."

With this ejaculation Miss Carlisle burst into tears.

"Oh, come, Rosamond, stop crying! I'm sure no one's fate is hard enough—you needn't make it worse to hear. You will never know what I have suffered in this place, nor she either."

"Don't you think she suffers, too?" asks Rosamond.

"Heaven help us, I suppose she does," he replies. "But she cannot suffer as I suffer."

"No, but a hundred times more, because she has no one to comfort her as I do."

Hugh has risen from his chair and stands on the rug, his elbow on the chimney-piece and his head on his hand. Rosamond confronts him, tears in her eyes, her cheeks flaming with indignant color.

"Rosamond do not tempt me," he says, hoarsely. "I have enough to fight against—my own heart and best—without that."

"My own heart and best—without that!" Rosamond exclaims, drying her eyes, "for you fight in a bad cause."

Mary Carlisle is silent. The pine logs crackle in the fire, the little kettle sings on the hob, the nice little dinner is growing cold for the second time. Rosamond pouts out her own lip, and proceeds to take her long delayed meal, which Hugh does not accomplish. It is almost the first time in his life that she quarrelled with her brother, and she feels upset. But her indignation does not last her long. Opening the door, she sees, who can blame her? Frances Lynn, who, on hearing of Hugh's illness, has come to inquire for him.

"Hugh, how ill you look!" she exclaims, as, heedless even of his sister, she flies to his side, and, at his own invitation, he would call a half-caress.

"And I, Rosamond?" she asks. "What then?"

"And because of this fortune that has come to me?" he inquires.

"If I should say yes," she asks, "what would you do?"

"I would cause the day I came in for it. But I thought you liked what money can buy, Rosamond. You were very near throwing me over because I had none."

"Was I?" she questions, with a dreamy smile.

She knows how this will end before then he does, and can afford to take it quietly. He is pale and agitated; she is perfectly at ease. The wild rose tint on her cheeks does not change; there is a half-defiant, half-tender curve on her proud, red lips.

"You make me suffer horribly," he mutters, a slow fire gathering in his eyes.

"Oh, Gyde, what a simpleton you are!" she says, bending and put her two hands to take them in his own hand, drawing a long breath.

"Why do you play with me?" he asks, reproachfully, yet with infinite tenderness. "My life is in your hands, and you know my heart is lying before you; don't crush it with your serene little foot. You are powerful, be also merciful—for I love you."

Those three words—"I love you"—spoken so simply, subdue her at last. She lets him put his arms round her and kiss her bright, cold cheek.

"Rosamond, I can't let this state of affairs go on any longer. I shall tell your brother what we are to each other—what we hope to be to each other."

"There are no alternative now—so well tell Hugh sooner or later, since he must be told. But she thinks it would be better not to let the Lynns know just yet. It is not two months since poor Saxon's death; it seems rather early to think of marrying and giving in marriage. To this Gyde Despard is fain to agree, though rather unwillingly. He would have the whole world know that this "fair Rosamond" belongs to him.

With this understanding, they part at the churchyard stile. For a few minutes they stand there in a prolonged farewell. There is no shadow on the face of either, no prevision of coming ill. And yet it is coming, is close on their heels, dogging them an sleuth-hound to the tracks of blood.

But Rosamond has no prophetic hint of this as she sits in the firelight waiting for her brother. Her musings are very pleasant, if one may judge by her dreamy face. She is thinking of her lover and of the happy future that is opening out before her—a future without a cloud. What has she to wish for that fortune has not laid at her feet? Youth, beauty, wealth, passionate love—all these are hers, or soon will be hers. And what can one desire more than to be young, beautiful, rich, and greatly beloved? But she has even more than this—she has a knowledge even than this—the consciousness that even as she is beloved, she loves again with her whole heart.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HERE AND THERE.

—A fly-angle—Endeavoring to catch some fish.

—Every auctioneer has a for-bidding presence.

—The "mettle of the sphere"—The click of the billiard balls.

—The harbor, notwithstanding his vocation, is not a natural born bell-hop.

—Hasty man if he could only catch Chief Joseph he'd make his wigwam for him.

—In what way is the "heavy man" of a theatrical company like the "stage waits?"

—Boston Commercial Bulletin: Drinking whisky straight will not make your head level.

—If you want to double your money, fold up a greenback. That is supposed to be quite perceptible.

—The least advisable way to "strike oil" is to strike the match with it while lighting a fire.

—Some of our prominent citizens and citizenesses "figure" largely in the bathing at Atlantic City.

—San Francisco Mail: Aimee is going to marry Harry again. Darcy she knows what she is about.

—Moses is the god of War, and instead of two principal women, he ought to wear the belt now held by Saturn.

—The Returning Board are commencing to make their appearance from many of the summer resorts.

—Graphic: The Berlin gorilla has learned to drink and smoke, and will never become civilized enough to swear off.

—Turner's Falls Reporter: Boston is called the modern Athens, simply because there is generally grease about a bulk.

—Herald: When a man is making love to a wife he always tells her that if he had to begin where the other fellow left off.

—Boston Post: Why is there is no harm per se in loving a short girl, but it makes things bad at the theatre when if you also happen to be "short" yourself.

—Hawkeye: There are 2,000 known species of fish. That is why it makes a man so mad when he sits in the hot sun all day and comes home at night with three little bull pout, averaging three inches in length.

—As a rule the spirits play on accordeons, which fact may explain why the spirits that otherwise might have remained mysteries.

—Norristown Herald: The military critics agree that the Count's battalions are heavy enough, but the calibre of his generals is too light.

—The ice man cuts off about enough of the commodity for a mint-julep and swears it weighs eight pounds. He does it with his lit-hatchet.

—Lowell Courier: Fred May, the hero of the Bennett-May duel, is called the Apollo of Long Branch. Is it because he once "struck the lyre?"

—Union Argus: If misfortunes are but blessings in disguise, the condition of the man who robs a bee-hive thinks the stinging which he receives a bee attitude.

—Boston Herald: The city watering placer and standing near the bar, observe carefully how beautiful "schooners" look with their accompaniment of foam.

—Boston Herald: The ward hummer sits in the shade and dreams of how fast is approaching the time of the big election, free beer, you, whole schooner loads of it.

—Rochester Democrat: To an anonymous correspondent: Lucy Stone is called your aunt, say you. They are large enough, but they were not made for that purpose.

—Herald: "I have been in Europe," said Mr. Conkling, "but never on the other side of the Atlantic have I seen companions of the high and vigor of those in my own glorious country."

—Hawkeye: Striped stockings are in vogue this season, and the hosiery manufacturers are now getting out special pictorial circulars with no more to be electrified by a brilliant display of the northern lights every time a girl falls out of bed.

—The oyster is engaged debating whether he will commit suicide now, surrounded by his friends and relations, or wait and meet a watery grave alone and friendless, in some fashionable festival event.

—Boston Post: Do not make love to a woman through an ink-bottle. Under this painful circumstance it is hard to know if you could. He cannot be happy that nothing fetches 'em like ice-cream.

—It is constantly put before the youthful mind, as an inducement to premature rising, that the early bird gets the first worm. Precisely; but the early worm has to state what time it is remarkably attractive about the worm that honestly gets up and goes to work.

—"The Best and Most Popular Story Paper Published."

The SATURDAY EVENING POST of No. 22 South Seventh street, Philadelphia, Pa., was charged from forty-eight to fifty-six cents, according to the distance, for postage and mailing in the back and most popular story now published. Every household should have a copy of this paper.—[Daily Hardware, Register.

TOPICS TALKED ABOUT AT HOME AND ABROAD.

President MacMahon rises at six o'clock throughout the year. When up, he rings for Francois, his valet, an old African soldier who has been his attendant for years. Francois brings with him a cup of black coffee. The Marshal shaves himself, and, after dressing, descends to his study, where he works until half past nine, except the time in which his ministerial councils take place. At half past eleven his breakfast is with his family; the repast being light and short. After breakfast he consults his wife and children, he returns to his study for the Marshal's work. From one to three he receives the high functionaries of the council. At three, sometimes he receives a few visitors in the morning. Whenever it is possible he takes a horseback ride about three o'clock, frequently visiting a camp or reviewing a regiment. Sometimes he goes on a shooting excursion. Returning from his half past five dinner, he reads the newspapers. At dinner he again meets his family and sometimes a few friends, but official dinners and receptions are given on Thursday.

Queen Victoria's maids of honor are all grandchildren of people of rank. Each has an official salary and receives $2,000 a year. If they marry, the Queen presents them with $5,000. Each is on duty fourteen days at a time. Many of these ladies have continued in service until past fifty.

The Smith sisters, of Glastonbury, Connecticut, who have had such a remarkable career, have been town authorities about taxation and voting and that distinguished sort of thing. Five in a house $320 years old under a tree 250 years old is the happy possession of the Governor ballentaat China, which is 200 years old. Their favorite psalm is "Old Hundred."

A lady in Buffalo has a Sunday school class of seventy-five young men. Th ireen years ago the class with a class of twenty boys. She gave the class weekly receptions in her parlors, and played the piano and led the singing for them. Now her class of seventy-five young men has a piano and instruments cost $200, a boat club, and a literary society which publishes a small newspaper. She was only eighteen years old when she started this work.

In an account of an interesting antiquarian discovery, which has been made in Copenhagen, a small town lying on the open coast, in the island of Zealand, in Denmark, the Academy says: "A number of stone coffins, which for ages past the ground has been opened, and a tomb discovered some sixteen feet in length. In this there lay the remains of a colossal woman, buried with her head to the east. Among the vessels placed around her, the most remarkable was a goblet of blue glass, set in a richly-chased silver rim, and bearing on it in the word 'Farewell.' There were also found a large green glass vessel and a red glass bowl. By the head lay an earring formed by piercing a coin of the Roman Prefect; this fact gives A. D. 276 as the earliest possible date of the tumulus. The neck was another object of rich and varied beauty, and it has been chosen to take in hand may be in any way advanced. Cardinal Manning is to be found, always saying the right word, and doing the right thing, as by a sort of unusual gift and instinctive wisdom.

The Graeme Hallet's poem of "Alnwick Castle," in which he laments the abandonment of the barons of England into men of business, has gone clean out of fashion. It is becoming one of the most ordinary things in the world for the members of the English aristocracy to go into trade. Two brothers of the Duke of Manchester are in the brewing business, the Duke of Manchester was a successful shipbuilder in Australia for a time; a brother of the Earl of Dudley is a member of a well-known and leading banking house in London, and Lord Francis Cecil, a son of the Marquis of Exeter, has just gone into partnership as a banker with his father in law, Mr. Cunliffe Brooks, M. P., of Manchester. After all, this is nothing new, but only a revival of a custom of centuries old.

A Paris collector is said to have acquired, at a cost of 21,500, the handkerchief with which Maximilian wiped his face for the last time at Queretaro, June 19, 1867, when, struck by several bullets but not slain, he was watching in the dust. It is of fine cambric, and bears Maximilian's name embroidered with an imperial crown, and there are on it several dark stains. The authenticity of the relic is declared to be established by a memorandum signed by the late President Juarez.

The improvement in American manufactures is strongly set forth in the following statement in the London World:

"Nothing more important has ever happened in the history of English trade than the threatened importation of the whole wheat crop of the United States of America. Piece goods from the London Mills of the United States are now sold in every town in England at a lower price and of better quality than English goods of a nominally corresponding grade. The article then goes on to say that the great falling off in the products of the Lancashire mills, and the closing of numerous factories, are very much themselves or they will be beaten in their own fields by their American rivals.

The position which Dr. Manning actually holds is, it must be allowed, a great one. The income which it gives him is less than a decent beadles in the Established Church, and the house of the Roman Catholics of England, like the Pope himself, is in no small degree indebted to "the voluntary principle." But the influence which he has acquired is of the most unquestionable kind, and is of a nature to afford a most spicuous relief from his barrenness of this world's goods. In the old European system, which the Church of the Revolution so resolutely shakes off, a cardinal of the Holy Roman Church ranked with royalty itself. "Regno non vult sed Scepter acquiescam" was the motto of the first Stuart prince, and the habitation in which Cardinal Manning dwells is curiously similar to that charged post of the princes of the Roman Church at the present day. Archbishop's House, Westminster, looks very like what it is, a house provided by the hands of its present possessor. It is a large modern building, in a nondescript style of architecture, forming alone in a desolate region of land between the Vauxhall Bridge road and the Millbank Penitentiary, and was originally built to serve the purpose of a Sabbath resort. Near it is the new church, which, when finished, will be one of the most beautiful in England, and which, when completed, will become one of the "King's churches." The King's churches are to be the badge of building which is to supply—a magnificent exchange for the dreariness and discomfort of the Georgian era. Cardinal Manning is entitled to a revenue of £1,000 a year, derived from all payments for board, lodging and education, during their stay at Ware, which he receives from the Roman Catholic students under the archbishop's nineteenth birthday. At King's College, Cambridge, appropriately enough, the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster will be entitled to a revenue of £800 a year, payable until the degree of A. M. is reached. As vacancies occur in the fellowships of the college, they are filled up by King's scholars from Eton, who have been successful in the competition for the Newcastle scholarships. It will be seen, that there is a relic of the charitable scheme preserved at Eton. Henry still belonging to his college at Eton, and the Cardinal Archbishop, as professor of the mathematics of the King's College, Cambridge, is the representative of the spirit of the founder. The Cardinal Archbishop

MR. GORDON'S Picnic Party.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

"I cannot imagine why you expect Mary Yeamans will win the prize. I am sure all the girls in the school, I will not except one, study harder than she does."

"She has such a retentive memory; that is my reason for believing in her. When did you ever know her to have imperfect lessons? And as to dates, which are so hard to remember, I never knew her to miss one."

"Oh, as to that, she has a way of keeping them in her mind that is not very honorable. I would not care to remember them as she does"

"What do you mean, Helena Tremper? Mary would not do anything dishonorable any sooner than you would!"

"Wouldn't she? Then just look at her hands the next time we are reciting our history. I am very much mistaken if you do not find the dates all nicely written down on those pretty white palms of hers!"

Honor Horton gave a little mournful laugh as she listened.

"You are always finding fault with Mary, and she's one of the loveliest girls in the whole school. What makes you hate her so?"

"I don't hate her, that is too strong a word; but I can't say that I like her. Mamma don't care for me to associate with her."

"Why not?"

"O, I don't know; there is some old grudge in the family, besides, her father don't live in any kind of style, and visit in quite a different circle from my parents. She's a mean-spirited girl, anyhow, always trying to make in with the teachers—that she may be a pet."

"It's no such thing, Helena, and you are very unamiable to say so. She is my friend, and I don't believe a word you are telling me. Her parents are just as respectable as yours, only they live within their means, and that is more than some other people do!" And Honor, having given way to her quick temper in the defense of her friend, walked off, leaving Helena in the agitation of a torrent of passion.

This fragment of conversation took place during the time of recess at Mr. Gordon's select school for young ladies. The scholars were occupying a large garden given to them as a pleasure-ground. Some were sitting under the shade trees, studying diligently, while others were walking about, with their arms entwined carosingly around their companions, engaged in amusing conversation, if one might judge from the many peals of laughter that at times broke upon the ear.

Mary Lucas was alone in an arbor shaded by creeping plants, with a little basket of bright colored worsteds by her side, sewing the last stitches on a piece of embroidery for a little girl who had found an insurmountable difficulty in its finishing off. She was joined by Honor, who took a seat by her friend's side.

"What ails you, dear?" asked Mary; "you look angry. I hope I have not offended you."

"Yes," answered Honor, "I am angry, and you are, I suppose, the innocent cause. I met Helena Tremper in the labyrinth, and she would provoke a saint with her ill nature. She shall not abuse my friends, if I let her lose my willmost beating my opinion about it. Would you believe it! She told me you write all the dates in our lessons on your hands, and look at them when we are reciting our history!"

Mary looked up with a pleasant smile. "She told part of the truth, Honor, for I often do write down my dates, and, if I have no paper near me, I frequently use the palms of my hands. It is, I know, an untidy practice, but I find that it impresses the knowledge of them upon my memory. The other part is false, for I mark them off again, almost immediately. It would be cheating myself if I did such things as Helena says I do?"

"I was a story. She said other things, too, worse!"

Mary laid up her hand. "Yes, I know", she answered; "but let us talk about something pleasanter. Miss Louisa was telling me to-day about our picnic. We are to ride in the cars to the lake, whence large sail-boats are to convey us to the foot of the mountain. Don't you think it will be ever so nice! I have promised myself a climb up the rocks, if the teachers will permit it."

"It would be pleasanter to me if that horrid girl would stay at home. I hate to be where she is; she is so disagreeable. She always seems to find out some fault in all the others to bear her complaints. If something would only happen to keep the awful thing at home!"

Helena came near just in time to catch the speaking of her hard wish.

"I am the horrid girl you are talking about, am I?" she angrily exclaimed. "Well, I don't care for either of you. Mamma says you are sickly, and I hope you will be going to the picnic, and if you don't like it you can stay at home yourselves, and I shall be very glad to be out of your company!"

With a flash of fire, she turned to leave them, when the school-bell rang.

"Oh, Honor," said Mary, as she laid her work in the basket, "I am so sorry Helena heard you! Won't you apologize to her, or, at least, tell her it was you alone who were talking about hers?"

"She knows very well it was I. I'm glad she heard me, and I don't intend to speak to her again, so there now!" And with tears in her eyes, caused by mortification, Honor, in seemingly unsympathetic words, she, with the rest of the pupils, entered the school-room.

It was a week from this time that the anncitation of examination took place. The coveted prize, to Honor's satisfaction, was awarded to Mary Lucas for perfect lessons, but this event only increased the displeasure of Helena Tremper, who, in addition to her many mortifications in have secured a signal failure for Mary's recent efforts for success, and would have gloried in the achievement.

Mr. Gordon was so well pleased with the efforts made by his pupils in their annual honorable strife for success in their various studies, that he determined they, too, should have a reward for their diligence. He accordingly had given notice for the picnic already spoken of in this true story, which was to be under the management of the female teachers, Mr. Gordon having himself made all the preliminary arrangements. The place selected for the day's pleasure was a level spot on the side of a woody hill, where the greensward formed a soft carpet for the feet, and the overhanging trees a delicious shade, while the murmurs from the lake cooled the air, redolent with fragrance from the surrounding growth of trees and wild flowers. The woods afforded pleasant rambles, and near by was a large pile of rudely jagged rocks to allow climbers exercise in their hearts' content.

The day chosen for the excursion was beautifully woven, not a cloud dimming the azure of the sky. As the pupils assembled in the school-room, ready for their departure, their gleeful countenances sparkled with the anticipation of coming pleasure. Even Helena Tremper's fury was smiling, in spite of the promise of May Day to wear a wrong her well-worn prize, a choke of gold, about her neck.

Helena was happy in the possession of a handsome new dress, made up for the occasion. All the other girls were clad in stout linen, or some similar stuff, the chaste shining complexion only among them in her fashionable costume. Helena greatly rejoiced at this, and felt supremely joyous in her superiority. I cannot say there were tears of the party who did not envy Helena her handsomer appearance, but, as the teachers had advised them to wear something that could not be destroyed by hard usage, they had cheerfully complied with the suggestion.

A ride of ten miles over the railroad was soon accomplished, and a short walk from the station brought the girls to the margin of the lake, where sail-boats, dancing over the ripples with the inevitable sail, white and blue flying from their mast-heads and their white sails glinting in the sunlight, waited to carry them to their destination.

It was a sad mischance that led Helena into the same boat with Mary Lucas, with no seat vacant, except one by her side, and that only made so by Mary's politeness, who contracted herself into the smallest possible bulk to make room for her. Helena was forced to accept of this proffered kindness, under the eye of Miss Louisa, their teacher, but she did it with a frown upon her brow, while her lips refused to utter a word of thanks for the accommodation.

The pleasant sail across the lake was enlivened by songs, and a short scramble up the hill, which the girls had dignified by the name of mountain, brought them to the beautiful place chosen for them by Mr. Gordon. They were plentifully supplied with games of all sorts with which they amused themselves until the dinner hour arrived.

The unpacking of the baskets and the arranging of the mossy table-service on a substitute for that needful piece of furniture, the table, formed from rough boards by order of their kind principal, were sources of much merriment to the merry party who glided quickly about, regardless of the many rents made in their russet robes by the thorny bushes around them; and when their agreeable duties were accomplished the appearance of the repast "loaded the board even wood trees," consisting of many dainty dishes beautifully decorated with leaves and flowers, was like that of a fairy banquet, and was truly appetizing.

When the day grew older, and the sun's rays gave out less heat, the girls were at liberty to wander about at their own will, and some betook themselves to the lake shore or to the rocks, while others rambled in the woods in search of ferns and bright mosses for their hanging baskets.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR NEWPORT LETTER.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE SUNDAY POST.)

NEWPORT, Aug. 27, 1877.

The Newport season has reached its height. Breakfasts, dinners, dances, yachting parties, musical parties, games of polo and La Crosse, have been so crowded into the last week that life here has not been a bed of roses, but a life full of toil and expense. Still one can pardon the whirl for the brilliancy that it has brought, and enjoy it for a time with the rest, but when one is tired it is terrible. I was going to leave Newport to get away from the conventionalities of life, and a gentleman who was proposing for a place in my carriage in some far-off width, to a lady who lends such a quiet life here that the mere nothing of society, excepting such as she has under her own roof, not even paying formal calls during the summer months. "Why do you not stop here and take a rest, Miss ——?" she asked me, but that is an easy task for a young person, it must be confessed. There are quite a number of celebrities here now and among the young Englishmen "is that young Bellingham?" asked a man at Mrs. Astor's charming party, last week. "Yes, the very same but don't you think he is vastly improved in his manners since he came over a year ago? He is much more civilized, to say thinking," was the answer. I doubt whether the young Englishman would have appreciated the compliment, had he heard it.

The pigeon match between the Philadelphia and the Narragansett Clubs came off week before last. Two of your "last shots" were ill, and one had again that was apparently out of order, so that the odds were against them. Mr. John Brown, of your city, did the best shooting, and was the star exhibition in the match. Last Tuesday there was some good shooting at an ocher match on the same field. Out of ten men, four shots killed their ten birds each. Clarence Moore, Perry Belmont, and a son of Gen. Halleck. Mr. Moore, who shot first, hit his bird in the tie, but as the pigeon dropped dead just out of the line, he shot himself out, and Mr. Belmont won the cup. Mr. Jack Moore won the pool in the sweepstakes that followed.

It is a cruel sport, and yet, a lady near me was unable to console herself with the thought that these were just as cruel who used fly paper to catch the flies, on which they were tortured until they died of starvation; and that a gentle death was the most humane saving for the animal food that is necessary, while the flies could not be appropriated in this way. The thought of the fun to be had from some of the fluttering wings of the wounded birds, nor the trust which those who escaped manifested, as they circled round, flying to their owners for protection, also did not enter my head. I cannot, however, help but think the murderous weapons nor from moralizing as to the raw-boned human beings, though it must be said that the women of the present day are fortunately few of them, not quite so trusting as women of past generations and that if they do fly into the blue or circle round their heads would be, if they could, destroyers of both soul and body, it is from the love of excitement more than from that confiding trust which the poor pigeons show.

A friendly match of polo was played on saturday between the Buffalo and the Westchester Clubs, the former having refused the challenge to play for a cup or a purse. They were organized only last June, and everyone felt that they would be no match for the Westchesters, who have had two years of practice, and counts some of the most skilful players on this side of the ocean in its numbers. In addition to this disadvantage, the Buffalo men had not the changes of ponies with them that the others had, and, to make matters still worse, the poor animals were worked in the same team from Buffalo. It is always necessary to give horses a rest of twenty-four hours after having been brought from the west, before using them to ride or drive, as they never lie down on the best. So everyone who knew the state of affairs felt that the Buffalo men had no chance with the Westchester team won. In fact, nothing but a settlement of honor caused the Buffalo team to keep in their engagement not to play consecutively, as we all were they of the odds against them. It was suggested by someone who felt that courtesy toward strangers who had come so far for the purpose of playing the match required it that the Westchester team should limit themselves to the same number of ponies that the Buffalo men had used in the match. But magnanimity did not rule the councils of the W. Westchesters, and they would not hold all of the advantages that they possessed, and consolo nothing, as it would never do for them to be beaten, first Newport men, and second the west, and therefore set at dead of night but yesterday, when the teams played another match, the Buffalo ponies having been brought from the west, and the Newport team came off with flying colors, winning the requisite three games, one after the other, as easily as the Westchester team had won their victories on saturday. The excitement was intense, and the Buffalo men, "the favorites by all odds," on that day. The game of hockey was played in the presence of a very large and fashionable concourse of people, although looked on from "Dead Head Hill." The four in-hands were out in force, and landaus, victorias, barouches and tandems, with carriages of every description, were gathered in the gates, around the parallelogram marked out for the players in the level sward of the polo ground.

New York was represented by Mr. W. H. Travers and family, David Stewart and family, Mr. James F. Kernochan and family, ex-Gov. Morgan and family Mr. J. Frederick Kernochan, Hon. August Belmont and family, Mrs. Edward Cooper and family, Mr. Louis L. Lorillard and wife, Mr. Delancey Kane and Mrs. E. King. Others present included Mr. R. M. Cushing, Mr. T. F. Cushing, Mr. H. H. Richmond and wife, Mr. Wm. S. Tucker, General Copper Commissioner, Professor W. R. Rogers, from Boston, Mr. George R. Fraser from New Orleans, Mr. Francis Rogers, Dr. Rogers, Mr. Harry Ingersoll and family, Mrs. R. J. Moore and family, Mr. W. W. Dodge and wife, Mr. Dudley Lippincott, from Philadelphia, General Collaths Lawrence and family, Mr. Wm. Astor, Mr. Potter, Chicago, Captain T. Kendrick from United States Navy, Admiral Rodgers, United States Navy, General Hancock and family, Mr. Pierrepont Morgan, Mrs. General Van Buren, Englewood, N. J.; Senor Mazarin, the Spanish Minister, and family; the first Secretary of the Spanish Legation, and many others of equal prominence.

The following are the names of the Newport Polo Club:—R. Rossevelt, J. N. Sandford, Dr. Charles Gay, Jerome Bonaparte, Jr.

The Westchesters are:—Thomas A. Pearing, Pelham Rogers, Lloyd S. Bryce, F. G. Griswold.

The Buffalo team leave today for their homes. They declined themselves delighted with the hospitality and the attentions they have received. They would not allow any precursors of the season of the Westchester team whatever, saying that everything was fair and right in every particular. They dined with Col. Pearing, and the pleasing evening and the charming young ladies of their party were the same day at "a rose bud dinner," given by Mrs. Moore in their honor. On Sunday the gentlemen breakfasted with Mr. Rogers, and in the evening went with the ladies of their party to meet others at the house of Mr. Bloomfield Moore near Portsmouth.

The yacht race of Saturday was a very interesting one, and was won by the tiksem. F. A. Gower is the owner. Moonlight yachting is a fascinating way of passing the evenings, and much more agreeable to the lovers of "music, moonlight and the sea" than drawing room entertainments.

The Sunday services at Newport partake quite largely of the spirit of the times. Very many of the pulpits are supplied from week to week by some of the most noted divines of the country.

The weather is at last a little warmer than the lovers of cool breezes think desirable.

QUELQU'UN.

LADIES' SHOES.

Sandals, or simple protections for the sole, kept in their place by bits or laces, formed undoubtedly the oldest species of covering for the lady fair. The Egyptian sandals were formed of palm leaves, papyrus stalks, and similar light materials, neatly and firmly plaited together, and fitting the shape of the foot exactly. Some of these articles had the toes turned up, like modern skates; and most commonly the shoe which encircled the instep and ankle were joined by one from the toe. In a more complete foot covering the inside of the sole was made of thin leather, the upper part drawn upon it; the Egyptian contented themselves with sandal-shoes, made into most elegant articles of wear. The Roman ladies wore a sandal with an upright boss piece, which gave height and grace to the foot. An abundance and richness of lacing and a quantity of ornaments were appended to these by the wealthy. The ornaments were of gold and precious stones, and were ivory ornaments on the instep, to distinguish themselves from the lower ranks. The color of the leather shoe was generally a bright red. Some ancient sandals have been preserved, in which the wooden soles were arched like patens. Among the Chinese and other eastern nations shoes and boots, of silk, satin, or light leather, richly embroidered, have been long in use. Turned-up points, or peaks, of considerable length, have ever been a fashion among the orientals. A Chinese lady's shoe or boot is a curiosity in more respects than one, being in shape more like a receptacle for a quadruped's hoof than for the human foot. The quantity of gold and embroidery upon them is also amazing. The ladies in the early reigns of the Plantagenets, were usually small-fronted shoes, slightly peaked, and secured by straps and over the instep. Princes and noblemen used embroidered and cloth boots, of a very large size, with the foot-covering of great length. Elizabeth Prigg, an old writer thus speaks: "They have corked shoes, pinnets, pantofles, and slippers; some of them of black velvet, some of white, some of green, and some of yellow; some of russet, some of tawny, and some of English, stitched with silk, and embroidered with gold and silver all over the vamp. Some have their toes cut in the manner of the Morry Monarch's court became ridiculous for their high heels, a peculiarity which the ladies of the present day would not wear unless called choppines; but Evelyn, in his diary, gives them the more appropriate name of chiopins, speaks of them as "shoes of incredible height, insomuch that the ladies were obliged, on walking abroad, to lean upon their servants' shoulders. The English dames must have been nearly in the same predicament, for we read of their tilting many inches from pinttings of the day, at an angle of forty-five, or nearly so, by the heels which they afforded.

A WONDERFUL COMBAT.

The Squirrel Against the Serpent.

From the Cincinnati Times.

The recent ignominious defeat of a ferocious young lioness by an humble and ugly donkey at the Cincinnati Garden has a counterpart in the result of a deadly combat between a large diamond rattlesnake and a little squirrel, during the same exhibition in Cincinnati. The snake was one of the largest of its species, six feet and a half in length, and having been winded for six months was inclined to act on the offensive; the squirrel inexperienced in serpent-warfare, but wonderfully plucky. On the whole, we are inclined to consider the poor little squirrel as having distinguished himself even more than the brave donkey, whose prowess has been ably memorialized in marble by a Cincinnati sculptor. The donkey merely saved his life by a terrible struggle without inflicting much hurt upon his terrible antagonist; the squirrel was able to conquer and slay the most deadly enemy of human or animal life, and actually slew his antagonist. The feeling excited in the warrior still lives, and by careful treatment may recover, but his hideous enemy is dead.

When the squirrel had been placed in the cage, the slimy, shining monster immediately sprang like a flash at the occupant, but the little squirrel, having taken a good look all around the cage, and found escape to be impossible, prepared himself for the worst, by collecting his glittering-eyed enemy with fierce resolution. The spectacle became highly interesting to the spectators, for the deadly coil was contending with a fair and fearless foe, a fine organism, a more intelligent being, than the fellow creatures which ordinarily supplied him with food. Snake and squirrel seemed to measure each other for the spring, the tail of the former vibrating so rapidly as to become almost invisible, and emitting a sound like the rise of thunder, while the tail of the latter trembled slightly, with the tension of the squirrel's muscles.

Suddenly a sickly gleam of livid white shot across the cage and struck the squirrel below the neck, once, twice, with the rapidity of an electric flash. There was a moment's laugh and whisper, the sight was too terrible. But the brave little squirrel did not shrink or drop. He sprang forward to meet his horrible foe, and caught the writhing tail between his keen teeth. There was a cracking sound like the crushing of chicken bones, a hideous shrill hiss, an agonized wriggle of the whole body, and then the fight was over. The next instant the squirrel was wrapped in the coils of the serpent, while the fragments of the bony rattles fell out on the floor of the cage crushed into tiny slivers. The squirrel showed no signs of suffering, but his bright eyes folds tightened about him, and the triangular head approached with wide open jaws and fierce, white fangs, and eyes in which the evil low intricacies seemed transformed to flame. There was another sickly flash of white, as the livid serpent darted, and then the squirrel had all the advantages that they possessed, and console nothing, as it would never do for them to be beaten, first Newport men, and second the west, and therefore set at dead of night but yesterday, when the teams played another match, the Buffalo ponies having been brought from the west, and the Newport team came off with flying colors, winning the requisite three games, one after the other, as easily as the Westchester team had won their victories on saturday. The excitement was intense, and the Buffalo men, "the favorites by all odds," on that day. The game of hockey was played in the presence of a very large and fashionable concourse of people, although looked on from "Dead Head Hill." The four in-hands were out in force, and landaus, victorias, barouches and tandems, with carriages of every description, were gathered in the gates, around the parallelogram marked out for the players in the level sward of the polo ground.

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A WONDERFUL COMBAT.

The Squirrel Against the Serpent.

From the Cincinnati Times.

The recent ignominious defeat of a ferocious young lioness by an humble and ugly donkey at the Cincinnati Garden has a counterpart in the result of a deadly combat between a large diamond rattlesnake and a little squirrel, during the same exhibition in Cincinnati. The snake was one of the largest of its species, six feet and a half in length, and having been winded for six months was inclined to act on the offensive; the squirrel inexperienced in serpent-warfare, but wonderfully plucky. On the whole, we are inclined to consider the poor little squirrel as having distinguished himself even more than the brave donkey, whose prowess has been ably memorialized in marble by a Cincinnati sculptor. The donkey merely saved his life by a terrible struggle without inflicting much hurt upon his terrible antagonist; the squirrel was able to conquer and slay the most deadly enemy of human or animal life, and actually slew his antagonist. The feeling excited in the warrior still lives, and by careful treatment may recover, but his hideous enemy is dead.

When the squirrel had been placed in the cage, the slimy, shining monster immediately sprang like a flash at the occupant, but the little squirrel, having taken a good look all around the cage, and found escape to be impossible, prepared himself for the worst, by collecting his glittering-eyed enemy with fierce resolution. The spectacle became highly interesting to the spectators, for the deadly coil was contending with a fair and fearless foe, a fine organism, a more intelligent being, than the fellow creatures which ordinarily supplied him with food. Snake and squirrel seemed to measure each other for the spring, the tail of the former vibrating so rapidly as to become almost invisible, and emitting a sound like the rise of thunder, while the tail of the latter trembled slightly, with the tension of the squirrel's muscles.

Suddenly a sickly gleam of livid white shot across the cage and struck the squirrel below the neck, once, twice, with the rapidity of an electric flash. There was a moment's laugh and whisper, the sight was too terrible. But the brave little squirrel did not shrink or drop. He sprang forward to meet his horrible foe, and caught the writhing tail between his keen teeth. There was a cracking sound like the crushing of chicken bones, a hideous shrill hiss, an agonized wriggle of the whole body, and then the fight was over. The next instant the squirrel was wrapped in the coils of the serpent, while the fragments of the bony rattles fell out on the floor of the cage crushed into tiny slivers. The squirrel showed no signs of suffering, but his bright eyes folds tightened about him, and the triangular head approached with wide open jaws and fierce, white fangs, and eyes in which the evil low intricacies seemed transformed to flame. There was another sickly flash of white, as the livid serpent darted, and then the squirrel had all the advantages that they possessed, and console nothing, as it would never do for them to be beaten, first Newport men, and second the west, and therefore set at dead of night but yesterday, when the teams played another match, the Buffalo ponies having been brought from the west, and the Newport team came off with flying colors, winning the requisite three games, one after the other, as easily as the Westchester team had won their victories on saturday. The excitement was intense, and the Buffalo men, "the favorites by all odds," on that day. The game of hockey was played in the presence of a very large and fashionable concourse of people, although looked on from "Dead Head Hill." The four in-hands were out in force, and landaus, victorias, barouches and tandems, with carriages of every description, were gathered in the gates, around the parallelogram marked out for the players in the level sward of the polo ground.

New York was represented by Mr. W. H. Travers and family, David Stewart and family, Mr. James F. Kernochan and family, ex-Gov. Morgan and family Mr. J. Frederick Kernochan, Hon. August Belmont and family, Mrs. Edward Cooper and family, Mr. Louis L. Lorillard and wife, Mr. Delancey Kane and Mrs. E. King. Others present included Mr. R. M. Cushing, Mr. T. F. Cushing, Mr. H. H. Richmond and wife, Mr. Wm. S. Tucker, General Copper Commissioner, Professor W. R. Rogers, from Boston, Mr. George R. Fraser from New Orleans, Mr. Francis Rogers, Dr. Rogers, Mr. Harry Ingersoll and family, Mrs. R. J. Moore and family, Mr. W. W. Dodge and wife, Mr. Dudley Lippincott, from Philadelphia, General Collaths Lawrence and family, Mr. Wm. Astor, Mr. Potter, Chicago, Captain T. Kendrick from United States Navy, Admiral Rodgers, United States Navy, General Hancock and family, Mr. Pierrepont Morgan, Mrs. General Van Buren, Englewood, N. J.; Senor Mazarin, the Spanish Minister, and family; the first Secretary of the Spanish Legation, and many others of equal prominence.

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John Wanamaker's STORE

GRAND DEPOT 13th St., Phila.

NEW RESORT.

SEA GROVE, CAPE MAY POINT, New Jersey.

Two Years Old, and Over 100 Cottages Now Completed.

THREE FINE HOTELS, Now conducted by CAPT. HEWITT, Ocean View; CAPT. WING, Sea Grove, and CAPT. HAND, Cape May Point. Bath Houses, Bands, Pavilions, Boats, Bowling Alleys, Billiard Rooms, Telegraph Office, Post Office, Stores, Livery Stables, Milks of Splendid Driving. A Steamer Daily from Cape May.

BEAUTIFUL OCEAN VIEW, UNEXCELLED IN THE WORLD!

PICTURESQUE FRESH WATER LAKE!

LEVEL, HARD DRIVE OF THE OCEAN STRAND FOR MILES. OCEAN AND BAY BATHING.

NO MOSQUITOES.

LOTS AND COTTAGES FOR SALE.

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The standard article is compounded with the greatest care.

Its effects are as wonderful and satisfactory as ever. It restores gray or faded hair to its youthful color. It makes the scalp white and clean, and the hair soft and glossy. It stops its falling out, and makes it grow.

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is sold by druggists everywhere. Prepared by R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

Sold by A. Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, says: "I consider it the best preparation for its intended purposes."

Buckingham's Dye, For the Whiskers.

This elegant preparation may be relied on to change the color of the beard from gray or any other undesirable shade to a handsome brown or black, with certainty and rapidity, producing a permanent color which will neither rub nor wash off.

MANUFACTURED BY

R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINES.

A GREAT OFFER! We will for the next sixty days sell our first-class Seven-octave Pianos, in handsome cases, with the latest improvements, for $275. Elegant Upright Pianos & Organs in use during the present season at extraordinarily low prices. Second-hand Pianos and Organs of other makers at bargains. Illustrated Catalogues mailed. Warerooms, No. 112 Fifth Avenue, New York. Cash, time, or installments. HORACE WATERS & SONS, Manufacturers and Dealers. 4 Last Premiums at the Great Exhibitions.

The N. Y. Times says, "Waters' Orchestrian Chime Organ is a beautiful instrument, and a decided novelty. The Chimes of bells and their inadequate bells and the accompanying Piano produce a combination of sounds very singularly fine."

The Orchestrian Chimes are well known among the very best. We are unable to speak of them [illegible] Evening Post.

Philadelphia Warerooms:

C. J. HEPPE,
Corner of Sixth and Thompson Streets.

A Special Offer TO THE READERS OF THIS PAPER.

A Genuine Swiss Magnetic Time-Keeper, a perfect time for everybody desiring accurate time, sent to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, $1.00. Every watch warranted. Address, Magnetic Watch Co., Rutland, Mass.

This is your ONLY OPPORTUNITY to get a Watch at this price. Send your order at once. The offer will be withdrawn when the present stock is sold.

HARVARD EXAMINATIONS FOR WOMEN.

PHILADELPHIA LOCAL COMMITTEE.

The examination for women by Harvard University will be held for the Philadelphia district, on the 7th of June, 1878.

Any one desirous to be candidates must be sent an early as possible to the Local Secretary. A pamphlet containing the regulations for the examination will be sent on the receipt of 25 cents.

Applications for the examination and also of the above will be sent to candidates on April 1st. All applications must be received by the Local Secretary on or before May 1st.

No. 40 South Eighth St., Philadelphia.

THE COMPOUND OXYGEN TREATMENT

This treatment supplies nature's own forces by which diseases are attacked, and, if they are curable, they are cured. It is the result of eight years of study and experiment, and of thousands of cases in all parts of the world. Let all who desire to know what it is, and how it cures, obtain and read our brochure of 200 pages, which we send free. Address DR. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

TIS RISING DISEASE ALL AROUND YOU.

You can make from $5 to $20 per month, clear selling our Steam Mop. Terms and full particulars free. Address, Steam Mop Co., Boston, Mass. [illegible] Address, A. CARTER & CO., Chicago.

ROOFING PAINT.

The ROCKY MOUNTAIN VERMILION PAINT is not made for use, as the best in the world for Tin, Iron, Shingle, Felt, Canvas, Wood, and Stone Roofs. TRY IT. Free sample and circular. Address

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XQ [illegible] CARE [illegible] Rochester, N. Y.

100 Bill heads, 50 Cards, 1 Set Envelopes, with your business printed, for 1 week post paid, $1.00. 4 No. 8 Rubber Stamps, $1.00. Catalogue free. Delphos, Pa.

25 THREE-PLY No. 8 FANCY Cards, with name, 10 cents, post paid. Samples for 3 cent stamp. J. W. RIDGWAY & CO., Nassau, N. Y. Box 80.

50 FINE CARDS, DAMASK, REPP Etc., with name on all, 12 cts. F. O. LYMAN, Clintonville, Conn.

40 FINELY PRINTED VISITING cards, 10 styles, with your name on them all for only 10cts. Rich Fashion Co., Northford, Conn.

DANGER OF RUPTURE!

The above cut represents a person about to be taken away by Death under an attack of Strangulated Rupture.

THE SUBJECT OF RUPTURE IS OF MUCH MORE IMPORTANCE TO MANKIND THAN IS GENERALLY SUPPOSED.

It is estimated that one man in every twenty is ruptured in some degree, and that one in every thousand dies annually from its effects. Many persons who are liable at any moment to have a fatal strangulation, wear a truss (the use of which is always painful and dangerous) because they have a very large reputation, and because they do not know that

THE PERFECT RETAINING POWER OF THE CELEBRATED ELASTIC TRUSS

[illegible]

A [illegible]

[illegible]

W.

CHRISTENINGS.

At one time or another it may have happened to many besides myself to indulge in a brief, mental speculation as to what sort of a world ours would be without the babies.

If we all, like Minerva, could spring into this life full grown, it is very doubtful if we should be as good as we are. We should certainly be minus all those beautiful ideas and emotions respecting the tender cares, sorrows, and joys surrounding babyhood, childhood and youth.

Our nature would be deficient in all these directions, since, never being known, they could never be felt.

How exceedingly strong is the love of offspring in the human breast, even of rough men, may be illustrated by an anecdote concerning an emigrant in a new and far-distant country.

The community consisted chiefly of men; women were remarkably scarce, and babies almost unknown. On one occasion these sturdy settlers met together to enjoy a musical and dramatic evening of an unpretentious kind, and it so happened that among the audience was a woman with an infant in her arms. As [illegible]

[illegible]

... is best in our perfect human nature would be lost to us if babies were unknown.

Their helplessness, their beauty, their endearing and engaging little ways, and their dawning intelligence, appealing so forcibly to our better feelings, and calling forth some of our noblest energies, serve in a thousand ways to keep the heart from growing old and hard before its time, and the world from forgetting how fair and beautiful a thing is youth.

BOOK OF ORIGINS.

ORIGIN OF PHRASES—THE ETYMOLOGY OF WORDS—REMARKABLE OLD SAYINGS—QUAINT EXPRESSIONS PECULIAR TO ALL AGES AND NATIONS.

BY JAMES REES.

"In primus hominis est propria
Veri inquisitio atque investigatio.
CICERO.

"The searching out and thorough investigation of truth, is the first, the primary study of man."

D.

[CONTINUED.]

"DEVIL TO PAY AND NO PITCH HOT."

The origin of many phrases is very curious, none more so, we think, than this one.

"To pay," in naval language, "is to lay on, spread, or run in the materials used in caulking a ship," or as Dryden says:

"With boiling pitch well pay'd."

A sailor, being called upon by the mate of a ship, called the "Sea Devil," to pay the seams of its deck, exclaimed in a moment of excitement to a companion, here is "The Devil to pay and no pitch hot," which became a by-word during the rest of the voyage—hence the phrase.

DICKENS—DERIVATION OF.

It is a contraction of devilskins, devlkins, dickens, i. e. little devils. It is a sort of adverbial expression, meaning the same as devil, but we know not whence derived. Shakespeare uses the expression: "I know not what the dickens his name is."

DINING WITH DUKE HUMPHREY.

[illegible]

OUR FASHION CHAT.

The occasional glimpse of some rich, dark colors, in the shop windows, intermingling with the delicate light tints which have until now been everywhere for so long, reminds one of the touches of vivid colors, which are gradually appearing here and there on the lovely expanse of green we have had around us through the long Summer days, now so swiftly coming to their end, and tell us very plainly that a gradual transformation is taking place. It is the faint glimmering of the dawn of another season, while, behind the scene, Dame Fashion, as well as Nature, are busily designing and weaving their countless fantasies of beauty with which to decorate the Autumn of the year. The rarest fabrics of the manufacturer's skill, the richest colors of the dyer's art, will soon delight the eye, and, as if by some magical influence, the pale blues, pinks, grays, and all the delicate shades of Summer, will vanish from the scene, and the rich ripe tints of scarlet, orange, and all the dark shades of Autumn will take their place in charming array. What will be the coming fashion? is the question one hears everywhere, but it requires more than mortal skill to divine the "Sesame" which will unveil the mysterious workings of fashion just now, and tell the story complete. So we can only give some faint ideas as we hear it in the whispered hints floating here and there, and wait patiently for the important day which will announce the grand opening of all these wonders of fashion's art.

The fashionable world, both here and abroad, is still absorbed in the fetes and garden parties of Summer, and therefore turn with continued interest to the charms and attractions of their delicate-hued materials, and we still read in the chronicles of fashion, of toilettes of marvellous beauty, of light gauzy combinations, worn at some fete, or of some picturesque costume for lawn tennis or archery, which are the present fashionable pastimes.

And the variety of exquisite toilettes seen on the sands or at the Spa, all of which has been many times discussed in our "Fashion Chat," so that at present there seems to be no radical change in fashions on which to create much that is decidedly new.

I can, therefore, only give some hints of what will be among the novelties to come. For early Autumn wear the "Petite Redingote," is very stylish, made of dark cloth, slightly wadded, and trimmed with braid slashings, loops and buttons, and fastened high in the throat, resembling an officer's "undress coat." Another favorite paletot of the season will be a shape similar to a gentleman's overcoat, fitting the figure slightly, and made of diagonal or fine ribbed cloth. The Ulster has taken the place of the "water-proof," and in spite of its size and former ugliness, it has received so many beautifying touches by French hands that it is accepted now as a type of French elegance. The addition of three collars, or graduating capes, give it an air which is quite new and "chic." I am told that the elegantes of Pari are making these "carricks," as they are called, of the richest silks, thus: In blue, pink, maize, lilac, green, and cream shades, and wear them over white muslin dresses. These "carricks" or "Directoire Polonaises," made of silk and open in front with the three little capes falling over the shoulder, are among the many old styles revived, and seem to suggest the quaint costumes seen in pictures of beauties who lived during the early years of a century ago. The Louis XVI. or Richelieu coat has a slight resemblance to this, with the exception of the short front, the back being long and plain.

As lingerie forms a decided feature of Fall novelties, I may mention among the many which will be seen the large anne of Austria collars and cuffs, made of lace or fine linen. As the cuffs extend nearly to the elbow, the dress sleeves must necessarily be made very tight to the arm. There are others resembling the collars and cuffs worn by the "Sisters of Mercy;" these are closely laced up the front and from the waist to the elbow by black or some colored cord. There are also indications that many exquisite *parures* or collarettes and cuffs will be made of several shades of colored lace, of which there will be a great variety in silk as well as thread. The Pierrot collarette which I have described, will be a favorite. A charming *parure* for Autumn and to be worn in the street, is the *ruche de paletot*, and is made as follows: A black ribbon about two and a half inches in width and the length to suit the neck is folded double lengthwise and stitched together. On this, successive rows of narrow black lace, closely quilled, are laid; at each end is sewed a colored ribbon to harmonise with the hat or dress in color, and these ends tie it together, in front under the chin.

The combination of different materials in costumes will be more marked in "the coming fashion" than [illegible]

[illegible]

... very old in it. In this costume we see much to account for that peculiar truthfulness in Holbein which, to our view, so amply compensates for the absence of the laxer graces of a later period. With forms so settled and rigid no latitude was left to a painter. All ages looked stiff and decorous alike, or, if they did not, it was no fault of the dress.

Samples and general information given on receipt of stamp, and patterns sent and purchases made on receipt of requisite amount, by

FASHION EDITRESS,
Saturday Evening Post.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

GRAVITY OF WOODS.—The woods which are heavier than water are Dutch box, Indian cedar, ebony, lignum-vitæ, mahogany, heart of oak, pomegranate, vine. Lignum-vitæ is one-third heavier, pomegranate rather more. On the other hand, cork, having a specific gravity of 24, and poplar 383, are the lightest woody products.

INCREASE OF WEIGHT BY COMBUSTION.—In a lecture-room experiment, suggested by M. V. Meyer for showing increase of weight by combustion, a candle is attached to each pan of a balance, and above one a glass tube open at both ends is hung at nearly the height of the wick. In this tube is a piece of wire gauze holding fragments of caustic soda; after balancing the candles one of them is lit, when the products of combustion are retained by the soda, and this end of the beam descends.

A CURIOUS FACT.—It is noted as a curious fact by Sir Samuel Baker that a negro has never been known to tame an elephant or any wild animal. The elephants employed by the ancient Carthagenians and Romans were trained by Arabs or Carthagenians, never by negroes. A person might travel all over Africa, and never see a wild animal trained and petted. It had often struck Sir Samuel as very distressing that the little children never had a pet animal; and, though he had often offered rewards for young elephants, he had never succeeded in getting one alive.

CLIMATIC INFLUENCE ON RACE.—The *Ausland* calls attention to a curious influence on race. In 1816 several hundred Wurtemburg families emigrated to Trans-Caucasia, and took up their abode in the neighborhood of Tiflis. They were remarkable for a broad, square build, fair or red hair, and blue eyes. The next generation changed somewhat, and brown hair and black eyes were seen. In the third generation the type of the original colonists was hardly recognizable. Black eyes and hair were the rule, and the round face lengthened, the form gained slenderness and elegance. Inasmuch as they never intermarried with another race, it is contended that climate alone must have effected the change.

[illegible]

CORRESPONDENCE.

[illegible]